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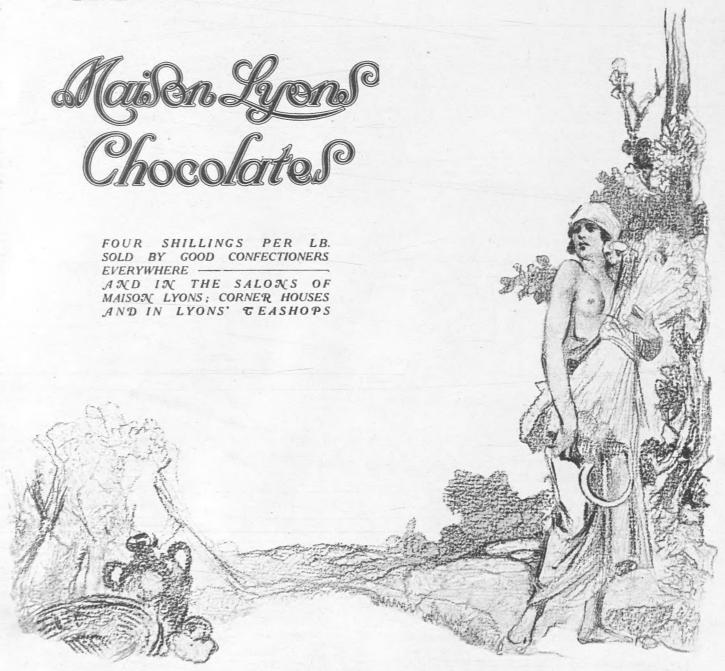
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AN APT DESCRIPTION OF THE PROCESS WHICH SELECTS EVERY ELEMENT IN THE MAKING OF



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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



A STUART SPANISH DUKE

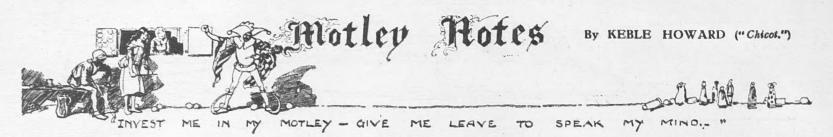
The Duke and Duchess of Alba and Berwick are equally well known in English and Spanish society, and spend a great deal of time in London, where the Duke plays polo at Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and Roehampton. The Duke of Alba and Berwick is actually a Royal Stuart, as he is descended from the great

AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE.

Duke of Berwick, who was an illegitimate son of James Stuart, then Duke of York, and subsequently King James II. The family name is Stuart Fitz-James. He married the Marquise de San Vicente del Barco, daughter of the Duke of Aliaga, in 1920, the marriage being celebrated in London.

Photographs by

Wide World Photos.



TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT POLITICAL MEETINGS.

I DON'T know whether General Elections are arranged for my especial benefit, but I must admit to a great fondness for political meetings.

I think this curious passion dates from an incident in my boyhood. Joseph Chamberlain was advertised to speak in the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. I was about sixteen at the time, and wanted very badly to hear him. (If it comes to that, I would give a good deal to hear him now.)

But I had no ticket, and I knew it was

useless to ask anybody for a ticket. Nobody that I knew had a ticket. Nobody from our little town, so far as I could discover, was going to the meeting. It was one of those meetings, you understand, when they get rid of all the tickets before they announce the meeting. Even after all these years I don't know how these things are managed, despite the fact that for nearly twenty years I have been a member of one of the largest political clubs in London.

Anyhow, I determined to be at that meeting, so I walked four miles to the nearest railway station and waited for the stopping train from Birmingham to Stratford-on-Avon.

The train duly glided into the little station, and I noticed that part of it consisted of a Pullman car. (In those days we used to call them "saloons.") All unsuspecting, I peeped into the Pullman, and who should be seated there, orchid in buttonhole and eyeglass in eye, but the great man himself! This strengthened my determination to be at the meeting.

I got into my third-class compartment, and we two travelled on to Stratford-on-Avon. There was red carpet on the platform, and a lot of excited gentlemen in frock-coats and top-hats, and a lot of ladies in coat-frocks and hat-tops, and a "crowd without."

Mr. Chamberlain and I descended from the train amid deafening cheers. He raised his hat and I pulled off my school-cap. He entered a carriage drawn by two horses, and I ran like a hare in the direction of the Memorial Theatre.

But how to get in? The theatre was already full. I think the ticket-holders had been herded into their seats, as is the custom, the previous day. Not a seat left! So ran the official information.

But I was not daunted. I went round to the gallery entrance. Closed. I saw some steps which descended to a sort of basement. I went down. A door stood ajar, and I passed through it. I was under the stage.

So far, so good. I was in the theatre. The next thing I saw was a little spiral staircase.

I ascended it—and found myself in a blaze of light.
"Quick!" said an excited gentleman.

"Quick!" said an excited gentleman.
"He's just coming. Take your seat!"

There was a vacant chair, and I took it. A few moments later Joseph Chamberlain entered, and all the audience rose to its feet. We cheered. We sang. We sat down. Mr. Chamberlain sat down. I was about two rows behind him, all amongst the great folk who had been nursing pink tickets marked "STAGE" for the past month. Nobody interfered with me, and when I got home and told my family that I had been on the stage

CHARLES PEGUY'S "JOAN OF ARC" INTERPRETED BY A FAMOUS ACTRESS: MLLE. PAULETTE PAX IN THE SPECIAL PRODUCTION IN PARIS.

All London has been impressed by the beauty and nobility of George Bernard Shaw's play, "Saint Joan," and Miss Sybil Thorndike's interpretation of the title-rôle, so special interest attaches to the recent Parisian production of Charles Peguy's "Jeanne d'Arc," which was originally published in 1897, and is a monumental work—more philosophic than dramatic, and shows Jeanne as a saint who hates war, and is neither military nor boyish, but simply determined to accomplish a sacred mission. Mlle. Paulette Pax, the actress who is so well known in Ibsen and Shaw parts, gave a magnificent rendering of the complicated character of Peguy's Warrior Maid.

Photograph by Man Ray.

with Joseph Chamberlain they refused to believe it. For all that, it was true.

And I have never forgotten it. And I have never relinquished my desire to address an impassioned audience of five thousand people on a political subject. I am sure it is far easier than talking to a couple of hundred people about dramatic art.

Consider the state of the audience. First of all, they have come prepared to cheer you to the echo. They know what you are going to say, and they are longing to hear you say it, and the moment you do say it they will cheer like mad.

Added to that, their emotions have been played upon by the organist. There is always an organist at these great meetings, and he sits on a bench high up at the back of the stage, and if you are lucky enough to have a platform ticket you can watch his excited

little face in the looking-glass just over his head.

He plays popular airs, and nothing delights an audience more than a popular air on an instrument associated in their minds with sacred music.

Presently somebody signals to him that the speaker has arrived, whereupon he breaks off in the middle of "What'll I do?" and plunges into "Land of Hope and Glory." The moment they hear the first strains of "Land of Hope and Glory," the entire audience rises to its feet, strong women burst into tears, and weak, frail men sustain themselves with a small drop of "Three Star" from a pocket-flask.

The organist plays "Land of Hope and Glory" fifteen times, but the star speaker is still in the committee - room talking about carburetters, so the audience sits down again, laughing, and the organist returns to "What'll I do?"

At last the moment arrives when the great man actually enters, and makes his way to the chair on the right of the chairman. All the people spring up again, and the men cheer, and the women say, "Yes, that's him! Fancy! Isn't he like his pictures in the paper?" He knows perfectly well they're saying that, so he tries his best to look like a snapshot, and usually succeeds.

The chairman does not take

The chairman does not take long. He used to speak for three-quarters of an hour, but we have teased him out of that. So now he says, "I know you don't want to hear me," and sits down.

The Great Man rises. The audience rises. The organist, absolutely purple (in his little glass) with excitement, plays "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and all the people sing it. Tears flow like water. Then the people sit down, the Great Man looks at them for a full minute in silence,

and then begins—
"My Lord, Ladies, and Gentlemen, we are met together on a great occasion. (Cheers.) We are in for a great fight! (Renewed cheers.) And we mean to win!" (Frightful enthusiasm and Niagaras of tears.)

The Aga Khan Again: Cesarewitch Pictures.



MAJOR THE HON. ROLAND CUBITT, MRS. HUBERT LODER, AND THE HON. G. CUBITT.



WITH HER FATHER, THE EARL OF ORKNEY: LADY MARY FITZMAURICE,



WITH LORD LONDESBOROUGH:

All the racing world naturally gathered at Newmarket last week, for a very enjoyable meeting, though most of the hard-working backers had a bad time on the Cesarewitch day, with the Aga Khan continuing his luck by having a win with his long-priced



WEARING ONE OF THE NEW CHECKED COATS: MISS SELBY-LOWNDES WITH MRS. HAWES,

Charley's Mount. Our snapshots show just a few of the many well-known people who were at Newmarket. Major the Hon. Roland Cubitt is Lord Ashcombe's elder son, and Lady Mary Fitzmaurice is the only child of the Earl of Orkney.

Photographs by Alfieri.

OVER THE STICKS AT WINCANTON: SNAPSHOTS



Miss Micklethwaite, Miss B. Troyte-Bullock, Miss Grundry, Miss R. Macpherson and Miss Macpherson.

Lady Curtis, Miss Curtis and Mrs. Maurice Hingscote.

'CHASING AT HATHERLEIGH: PICTURES FROM

There was a good attendance at the Wincanton Steeplechase Meeting at Hatherleigh, Somerset, where Major Doyle, who recently took out a professional license, was in fine form and rode Oliver's Mount and Lady Bramshot to victory for Holt's stable.—Lord Annaly, M.C., is the fourth Baron.—The

FROM A SOMERSET NATIONAL HUNT MEETING.



A PLEASANT MINOR MEETING OF THE WEEK.

Countess of Westmorland is the youngest daughter of Lord Ribblesdale. Both she and her husband were at Wincanton, where Lord Westmorland had a horse running.—Major Phipps-Hornby was one of the polo-players who went to America. His wife, who is a bride of the year, was formerly Miss Eileen Daly. T.P.A., and Alfieri.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY

WEDDINGS and political meetings—our two proccupations of the moment—are both something of a strain, if only on the digestion. At the former gay functions one finds oneself drinking champagne and eating *foie gras* between lunch and tea, and the latter infinitely serious affairs completely disorganise the ritual of a comfortable dinner. A "high" tea, followed by

CLADY J FETO.

 Angela found her first landing, in Malta was extremely unpleasant. She got the young man who dives for silver coins in the Grand Harbour to dive for the bad money that she was given at Gibraltar, and he disapproved of this exceedingly.

floods of oratory, and rounded up with a late supper, is the usual "candidate's evening," shared by his womenfolk. Still, human nature is a wonderful thing, and no doubt we shall survive our efforts both in the social and political arena!

Last week certainly was pre-eminently a wedding one, and, since many who were bidden to the marriage of Lord Ridley and Miss Ursula Lutyens at St. Margaret's were also guests at that of Lord Galloway and Miss Wendell, it was natural to make comparisons. Though Miss Lutyens's child attendants looked very sweet in their frocks of leaf-green georgette, there is little question that the ten grown-up girls who followed Miss Wendell made a most attractive and striking picture in dresses of red and silver shot lamé; and their bouquets of bright red carnations were really lovely.

There was some beautiful Venetian point on Miss Lutyens's dress, but I think the fashionable skimpy effect was a trifle overdone, for not only was she almost "mummified" by the narrowness of her skirt, but the train was such a thin strip of material that it was inclined to twist up into a fishtail effect. To make up for this, however, the tulle veil was very full and made a pretty cloud-like effect; and the beautiful Cartier

brooch of crystal with diamond clasps to it, which was a present from the bride's sister, Mrs. Euan Wallace, was just the adornment to suit the new Lady Ridley's style.

Owing to the family mourning, the reception was reduced to a gathering of near relatives and close friends, and a good many present were in black. Lady Ridley is

one of those who look their best in sombre garb, and had one of the new high hats, which suited her admirably. Her daughter, Mrs. Gordon Ives, had a black charmeuse relieved with white bands, and received many compliments on the bonny looks of her small boy, who was the only page. Lady Bland-ford, slimmer than ever in her black satin coat, was in charge of her little girl bridesmaid, and it was remarked how much tiny Lady Sarah Churchill resembles her mother, especially as to the eyes. Lady Cynthia Mosley was another young parent of a small bridesmaid, and looked very well in bottle-green, with a hard brown felt hat in which a massive diamond - and - ruby brooch was pinned. Little Vivien Mosley is very like her father, and seems to resemble him more closely every time one sees her. Lady Emily Lutyens, the mother of the bride, wore a dress of dull coffee colour, with a draped hat to match. Sir Ian Hamilton escorted his wife, who was attired in the new brickred colour; and Mrs. Asquith, in a severely plain coat and hat, was one of those who came into the church very late.

Major Roland Cubitt, who had his arm in a sling, arrived with Lord Stanley, and they sat together in a side pew during the ceremony; while Lady de Trafford, in a square-crowned black felt hat, did not really stay at all, for as soon as the bridal procession had arrived she slipped away.

Wendell wedding. As I have already said, the bridal procession was charming, and the bridesmaids' dresses showed the latest line which fashion demands, as they were made straight down to well below the knees, where

a flounce of silver lace appeared.

One innovation at the reception, which struck me as being an excellent idea, was that a small platform was erected between banks of white and pink chrysanthemums, and here bride and groom received their hundreds of friends. The wedding cake was an attractively arranged one, and had three white bells on it, with clappers made of the tiniest of oranges.

The mother of the bride looked very well in black embroidered in steel; and her sister Mrs. Griffith, was also in black. It was at Mrs. Griffith's house in Bryanston Square that the presents had been on view the previous afternoon. They included a beautiful tiara of delicate design from Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, ear-rings and much plate from Mrs. Wendell, a large and ornate cross of Brazilian diamonds from the mother of the bridegroom, a massive diamond brooch from Lady Carnarvon, and the engagement ring, which is an unusual one of diamonds and rubies, the centre ruby consisting of a fine stone in the shape of a heart.

One heard politics discussed a good deal, as Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, Lady Cayzer, Lady

Walpole, and Mrs. Gideon Murray were all among the guests on their way to election work who made time to come to the wedding and reception.

After the huge crush at the Galloway-Wendell wedding, the comparative quiet of the other Scottish wedding at the Guards' Chapel came as a contrast. Miss Patience Fuller, daughter of the late Sir. John Fuller, and sister of the present Baronet, had a silver cortège to follow her, and the fashion for red bouquets was also seen at this wedding—a cheerful colour-scheme for chill October, for the eight bridesmaids had sheaves of crimson nerine lilies to match the wreaths of glazed leaves on their heads. By the way, those who hold that shingled heads are the "only possibles" just now must have been surprised to see that every one of the grown-up attendants—three of them sisters of the bride—had long hair, which looked very attractive in twists and chignons under the red wreaths.

Susan Duchess of Somerset was not in town for the reception, for which she lent her house; but she will be back, I hear, in



2. Next day she and the Misses Dulle-Life engaged a guide to conduct them about Valetta. He pointed out several fine sights to them, including a goat and a "Ladies' Fashion Shop" (kept by a friend of his). But what Angela wants is to get to know some nice people. It is maddening to see them all walking about the streets and not be able to do anything.

time for the marriage of her niece, Miss St. Maur, later on. Although the wedding was not a "big" one, Mrs. Forestier-Walker, the mother of the bride, had a number of friends there. The Duchess of Wellington looked as well as she always does. Lord and Lady Methuen had their daughter Seymour with them. Her wedding date is now changed to Nov. 1. Mr. Plum Warner slipped into the chapel unnoticed, or else I'm



 Angela decides that they must all get run over by a motor-car driven by some attractive person, so they all engage in conversation at a particularly dangerous street-corner.

sure he would have had a cheer from the assembled crowd. Lady Leucha Warner had a daughter with her; and Lady St. Aldwyn brought Lady Eleanor Keane and Lady Victoria Hicks-Beach, who are not often seen in town.

Lady Allendale wore one of the new very bright red suits, and was with her sister, Miss Irene Seely; while Lord and Lady Ruthven were others I noticed.

By the way, Miss Fuller told me that all the bridesmaids' presents were not alike, as the children had crystal necklaces, while the elder bridesmaids chose useful white furs for evening wear.

An appeal to luck was made on the bridegroom's car, for it was decorated with a small black woollen cat, adorned with a huge blue bow about its neck.

I have still more wedding news for the future, for I have just heard that Miss Pamela Peel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Peel, has had the courage to change the date of her wedding to a Friday, the last day in October. She is marrying Mr. Charles Frederick Spencer Chichester, a cousin of Lord Glentanar, and that popular young bachelor Peer is to be best man. The three bridesmaids are to wear orchid mauve, and the bride's veil is an historic one, as it was worn by her grandmother, Lady Jane Peel, at the famous ball given by her mother, the Duchess of Richmond, on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo.

And before we can shake ourselves free

from thinking of brides, there is the wedding of to-day—that of Rudyard Kipling's daughter, who, after her marriage to Captain Bambridge, will go to live in Brussels, where he is Honorary Attaché. Miss Kipling's choice of a warm, autumnal colourscheme for her one bridesmaid's dress was followed out also in the floral decorations of the church; and Miss Peggy Leigh's frock of a deep-yellow panne and brown panne hat, toning well with her bouquet of yellow and bronze chrysanthemums, is most effective.

Another literary wedding—this time of last week—was that of the famous novelist, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, whose marriage to the Rev. Theodore Penrose Fry, eldest son of Sir John Fry, took place at the earliest possible hour—8.45. The time was selected partly because the bride desired no crowd, but also because, as she was marrying into the "cloth," nuptial mass was celebrated after the wedding. Mrs. Edward Kaye-Smith took her daughter to church, although she was given away by her brother-in-law. What a child the author of "Joanna Godden,"
"Sussex Gorse," and all those other admirable, almost Hardy-esque novels looked in her brown travelling dress of kasha cloth. Her big, wondering eyes have a fresh, youthful quality which makes one marvel at the clear and masterly vision of life recorded in her books.

And now to turn to other subjects. Paris is proving very attractive to Londoners now, and many are paying visits, for one reason or another, to the French capital. Lady Curzon of Kedleston is one of the recent visitors, and is staying at her flat in the Rue St. Honoré, but is expected back in town at the beginning of November. Talking of flats, it is remarkable how many of American-born like to have a home of their own in Paris, whereas the real English are content to stay in hotels over there. Lady Curzon used to put up at the Ritz, but some time ago she fixed herself up in an appartement not far from the Meurice. Lady Granard is another who has a beautiful Paris home.

Lady Massereene, who has just returned from the French capital, is now off election-eering in Scotland. She is a good speaker, though very modest about it, and is giving her time on behalf of the Conservative cause in Argyllshire. Other passers-through Paris include Mrs. Glasgow, who was to have spent Christmas with the Viceroy of India and Lady Reading, but has had to put off this trip on account of her sister's illness. After a fortnight in Paris she sails for the States with her daughter, and will remain in Virginia until the New Year.

I have managed to have at least one artistic afternoon this week—in addition to my visit to the Magnasco Society's first show, which was a social gathering patronised by most of the Intelligentsia. A gloomy October afternoon is not, perhaps, the best time for going to see pictures, especially if they happen to be hung in a gallery in the Tottenham Court Road—always rather a depressing locality—so possibly it was for that reason that, when I reached the Mansard Gallery, in order to look at the London Group show, I felt ruffled and therefore viewed the exhibits with a somewhat jaundiced eye.

I ought to explain that I do believe in the London Group, and think it contains some of the most vital painters in town; still, the general effect was of plus ca change, plus c'est la même chose. I felt that especially with some of the artists who had gone for an entirely different school of painting, and yet were more themselves than ever. There were, however, some interesting things, amongst the best being Mr. Walter Sickert's "Banco," a most distinguished work. He is indeed

a contradiction of the modern theory that you have to be young—very young—to produce anything worth while!

Mr. Elliott Seabrooke has some charming landscapes, the result of his stay in the South of France in the spring and early summer; and there is a portrait of Arnold Bennett by E. Wolfe which I did not care for much.

Other news? I went to see "Bonzo" make his film début, and managed to forget politics and enjoy a good laugh, as he swayed on plates and had a generally happy time. He is to come out in public shortly, and will, I fancy, enjoy further popularity.

By the way, among the divorce petitioners the name of Mrs. Guy Wyndham appears, and it seems that there is some confusion over this. The lady who is seeking to divorce her husband is Mrs. Percy Bennett's daughter, who married Captain Guy Richard Charles Wyndham, and is usually known as Mrs. Richard Wyndham. She is the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Guy Wyndham.

And, to finish up with one of our fireside pleasures, the vogue of Mah Jong continues; and those who will have it that the game is but a passing fancy will do well to realise that there is hardly a school-room in this country where Mah Jong has not taken root, and so the next generation is likely to be a Mah Jong playing one. The latest book on the game is "Mah Jong Simplified," by Henry Peterson—though one might say The latest it was miscalled, as, far from simplifying the pastime, it shows you its real mysteries and subtleties! The author, who has studied the game in places as far apart as Ningpo and Oxford University during the last twenty years, really takes one behind the scenes and shows undreamed of possibilities of skill. MARIEGOLD.



4. But the car avoids them as easily as anything. It is used to not running over the populace. It is true that Miss Fanny Dulle-Life is in tears upon the ground; but that is because their fine plan has miscarried, not because she has been knocked down.

Angela will have to evolve another plan.

Four Brides-Including a Novelist, and North Berwick Snaps.



A WELL-KNOWN LADY GOLFER MARRIED : MISS EDYTHE HOPE AND MR. T. M WOODCOCK.





AT NORTH BERWICK: THE MISSES PHILIPSON, SISTERS OF CAPTAIN HILTON PHILIPSON.



THE BISHOP OF GUILDFORD'S DAUGHTER
MARRIED: MISS JOAN M. RANDOLPH AND THE
REV. E. DE GRAY LUCAS.



A HONEYMOON PICTURE FROM ASHBY ST. LEDGERS: LORD AND LADY RIDLEY IN THEIR ITALIA.



A DISTINGUISHED WOMAN NOVELIST MARRIED: MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH AND THE REV. THEODORE P. FRY.

The marriage of Miss Edythe Hope, the East Lothian lady golfer, to Mr. T. M. Woodcock was celebrated at Gullane.—The Bishop of Guildford officiated at the wedding of his daughter, Miss Joan Mary Randolph, to the Rev. Egbert de Gray Lucas, Vicar of the Church of the Ascension, Lavender Hill. The ceremony took place at Wonersh Parish Church.—Lady Ridley was formerly Miss Urusla Lutyens.

Photographs of her wedding to Lord Ridley appear elsewhere in this issue.—The marriage of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, the brilliant author of "Sussex Gorse," "Joanna Godden," "The Fall of the House of Alard," etc., to the Rev. Theodore P. Fry took place at St. Paul's Church, St. Leonard's-on-Sea. The bride was married in a brown travelling dress.—[Photographs by Photopress, B.I., T.P.A., and Balmain.]

Good Sport at a 'Chasing Meeting: Ludlow Snapshots.



WITH COLONEL GIBBS: LADY HELENA GIBBS.



MISS VERA MOLYNEUX SEEL, MISS BETTY LLOYD, MAJOR R. L. KENNEDY AND HIS FIANCÉE, MISS PHYLLIS READ.



LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY, MR. FILMER-SANKEY, AND MR. H. A. BROWN.

Good sport was witnessed at the Ludlow Club autumn meeting at Bromfield, Shropshire, last week. Lady Helena Gibbs is a niece of the Queen, and was formerly Lady Helena Cambridge. Her marriage to Lieutenant-Colonel Gibbs took place in 1919.——The engagement of Miss Phyllis Read, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bruce Read, to Major



ENJOYING A GOOD JOKE: MR. STAVELEY HILL AND MRS. HILL-LOWE.

R. L. Kennedy, elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. E. D. Kennedy, has just been announced.——Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey is the elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster, and of Constance Duchess of Westminster, and is a bride of the year. She is a very keen sportswoman and attends many race meetings.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

Scotsmen have it all their own way, and,

though beaten by seventeen points to nil, it

was not nearly such a runaway victory as

Rugger.

H. F. Crowther-Smith.

At that vital point where the

dead ball comes

to life again-at

the base of the

scrum — Crook,

the Scottish

scrum-half, was

more than a match for the

diminutive Park

player, Weston. This Scotsman,

around the heels

of the pack, is an

out-size in scrum-

halves, and with

this advantage in

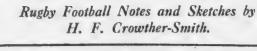
physique, cou-pled with all the

nippiness and

quick anticipa-

hangs

who



THE second Saturday of October, whatever else it may have been intended for, hopelessly inappropriate from the weather point of view for Rugger. It was one of those days when the elongated sphere which plays such an essential part in the game gets in such a thoroughly repulsive state that when the scrum-half passes out to the "fly" he will have none of it. He appears to beat it off, with a look which expresses, "Oh, take the beastly thing away. I don't want it." Instead of being stuffed with enough air to make it weigh between thirteen and fourteen ounces, it seems to be filled with lead, and run to as many pounds as it should ounces. A wet, greasy ball is not the kind of thing that one can expect a three-quarter to clasp to his manly breast and run away It is only fit to feed the feet of the forwards. Thus it came about that in the match London Scottish v. Rosslyn Park the

game was largely a matter of controversy between the forwards. It was a day when verv little open among the three - quarters was possible: tries had to be got by hook or by crook. In the case of the Scottish they came chiefly by Crook, although it must be remembered that without the "hook" in the first instance there would probably have been little chance for the success by Crook. He W. H. WESTON, scored two of the tries by picking up ROSSLYN PARK Scrum 2. -or somehow se-

curing-the oleaginous oval in the loose and getting it over the line. Rosslyn Park forwards—always a formidable department of the team-were not going to let the red-stockinged

the score-board indicated.

R.A. CORNISH. NEWPORT & WALES

tion that the job demands, he was all over the smaller man. It seemed odd to find B. L. Jacot, the old Oxford threequarter, in London Scottish kit. He was so long associated with the multi - coloured motley of the Harlequins. Jacot scored the only try regis-tered by a three-

quarter line, the other three members of which—Millar. Aitken, and Wallace—are all Scottish Internationals. It was a fine individual run, characteristic of this big, strong, going-like-the-devil right wing. In the early

days, when Rugger men wore whiskers and beards—so long that they could almost be collared by them-Rosslyn Park wore dark blue jerseys with a large red Maltese Cross on the front of them. The club emanated from a cricket club, and, like that other famous Rugger institution, the Harlequins, was born at Hampstead.

In their first season, 1879-1880, the matches were played on the historic Heath. The Park have had many notable players in the past, among them D. G. Anderson, the Scottish International scrum-half of the early 'nineties; G. C. Lindsay, who, besides playing for Scotland, was an Oxford Blue in 1882-3-4-5; H. H. Cobb, of Middlesex fame, a tower of strength to the club in the latter years of the past century. Last season they played 28 matches, won 13, lost 11, and drew 4 Of these, two were victories over the Old Merchant Taylors, one over the London Scottish (21 points to nil), and a draw against Blackheath-two goals and two tries all.

The All-Blacks—in spite of having had their "tummies" upset—continue on their

victorious career. Up to date (Oct. 13) they have won all

nine matches, with a huge total of 189 points to their credit, and only 21 against them. Their success on Oct. 11 at Birkenhead Park, against Cheshire, by 18 points to 5, provided them with another practice game against a county team which necessarily lacked combination.

They have three more such games before their first International, when, on Nov. 1, they meet Ireland at Dublin. Against Cheshire there was nothing much between the sides at half-time-merely a matter of three points. Previous to the interval the county team were within an ace of scoring. J. V Richardson, the old Uppinghamian-who is not, as I saw stated, an Oxford Blue, though doubtless worthy of it-went very near to adding four points to the score by an attempt to drop a goal. Then again, Gracie (who was always in the picture) looked to have a certain Instead of going on himself, however, he elected to give a reverse pass to Douglas, which was badly directed and the chance was lost. Locke, the English International insideleft three-quarter, scored the only try for Cheshire by a determined run, rejecting numerous attempts to check his progress, and

reaching the goal-line with an All Black in close attendance. Richardson kicked the goal. The attempts at converting the tries-on the part of the New Zealanders - were not as successful as they might have been; but no

doubt the wet ball did not make for accuracy, and some of the scoring was done near the corner flag.

This same Saturday Newport journeyed down to the Rectory Field to try and convert the "Heathers" to the idea that they (Newport) were the better team. But I don't think the 'Heathens' (in their blindness) saw this at all. Small wonder. For even the score-Newport 7 points, Blackheath 6-was not convincing evidence of the Welshmen's superiority.

The home team were really unlucky to lose. It must not be forgotten, however, that Newport had come away without 1,400,000 grains of valuable avoirdu-



NEWPORT Full-Back.

pack personified by

ened the visitors' side.

anyone wearing a red-

tried to get through. Also, A. T. Lawton,

usually a safe kick, couldn't turn either

of the three points

Baker

because F.

into five.

pois which is usually to be found in their the famous English forward, R. Edwards. And, wet day though it was, it might have been Wetter (had he been playing) who would have strength-Blackheath should have made victory a certainty in the second half. They didn't, proved a cul-de-sac to and-black jersey who



A.L. GRACIE ho played so well for CHESHIRE V. N. ZEALAND.

I.C.S. PONSFORD London Scotlish
FULL BACK

Daughter of Rudyard Kipling and Bride of To Day.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GEORGE BAMBRIDGE, M.C., TO-DAY, OCT. 22: MISS ELSIE KIPLING.



IN A CORNER OF THE GARDEN AT BATEMAN'S: THE DAUGHTER OF ONE OF OUR MOST FAMOUS WRITERS.

These delightful photographs of Miss Elsie Kipling, the only daughter of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, were taken at her father's Sussex home, Bateman's, where the rock garden, stone pathways, and lily pond are among the chief features of the old-world grounds. Miss Elsie Kipling is the bride of to-day, Wednesday, Oct. 22, as her marriage to Captain George Bambridge, M.C., Hon. Attaché to the Embassy at Brussels, is fixed to take place at St. Margaret's, and is to be followed by a reception at 93, Eaton Square, lent by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, her uncle and aunt.

Photographs by The Diary.



IN THE DOORWAY OF HER FATHER'S SUSSEX HOME: MISS ELSIE KIPLING AT BATEMAN'S.



BY THE LILY-POND: MISS ELSIE KIPLING, WHOSE MARRIAGE TAKES PLACE TO-DAY AT ST. MARGARET'S.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

Labour's Preservation of Old Ceremonies.

It was just before the Dissolution, and some of the political talkers were discussing procedure and the constitutional point

whether the King would allow Mr. Ramsay Macdonald to dissolve and go to the country, or accept his resignation and save us from a General Election by asking Mr. Baldwin to form a Ministry. Mr. H. G. Wells made this comment. "I think the King will let Mr. Macdonald dissolve Parliament. His Majesty is popular with the Labour Party, and the King himself has a great regard for several of the Labour leaders. And that is understandable; for have not the Labour Party done more than anyone else to preserve

old customs, old traditions and ceremonies - and even Royalty it-self?"

Wine Twenty Years After.

I had an experience the other day. I went to a luncheon at the Café Royal, and one guest was a man who had not taken wine or any other form of alcohol for twenty years; also he had been a vegetarian for twenty - five years. Our luncheon did not include butcher's meat, but, following a sole, we had a succulent and beautifully cooked partridge, and the wine, brought to us with great ceremony by the sommelier, was Château Margaux 1907, so it can be said that when he did break a dietetic habit of

years, this guest did so in most pleasant circumstances. One other member of the party who obviously watched the experiment with interest was that excellent musician, Mr. Herman Finck, who has never forsworn solid food, and certainly has never claimed to be a teetotaler.

The guest who for that meal ceased to be an anchorite was M. Rudinoff, who first of all is a painter and etcher of distinct merit, but does smoke-pictures and imitates the nightingale and other singing birds on the music-halls (he was at the Empire recently), chiefly to make money so that he can travel in every country, and follow his artistic bent.

Rudinoff is a happy-natured and courteous man. He said that he felt pleasure in breaking away from his rule of abstinence because the occasion, and as he always talks volubly and animatedly, it was hard to tell whether or not the silky Bordeaux loosened

his tongue, so that Mr. Finck had no data on which to compile a scientific report.

Over twenty years ago Rudinoff painted in oils a picture entitled "The Man of Sorrows," which was exhibited at the Grafton Gallery, at Bruges, and in Paris. It was full of strange tenderness and strength, and excited a good deal of attention. Recently two of his etchings-his etchings and his dry-points show him at his best-have been bought for a London exhibition. Sixteen of his works are in the permanent collection of the Congress Library, Washington. And he knew Anatole France, who at the time of his death possessed a number of Rudinoff's drawings.

It is twelve-and-a-half years since this big, smiling man of many talents was in London; he never stays long in one place.

to haunt the Castle, King Edward was wont to aver he saw one once. One evening—it was when he was Prince of Wales—he went to the Library to find a book he was reading. It was dusk, no lights were on. King Edward said that, as he turned to leave, a ghostly shade passed right before him. He did not hesitate, he threw the book at the apparition. But all that happened was that a bust of William Pitt was brought down with a crash. And Queen Victoria, when she heard of the incident, refused to believe in the "ghost."

Anatole France Most literary talk bored Anatole France. When, in London. early in the war, he was persuaded to visit London, the eminent ones of our own literary world were there, but

they swamped by the 'climbers," .carnest deadly folk, all burning with eagerness to take the great man by the hand.

M. France sat pale and tired. He must have had his hand shaken hundreds of times that evening. He looked as one thought Richelieu must have looked -with his long, ascetic face and white, transparent skin, except that his eyes were clear like a child's.

It was to a little knot of English officers only that he spoke. "Tell he spoke. "Tell me," he said, "what do you think of the soldiers of France?



ONE UP.

The Culprit (to his golfing father) : "Daddy, your wrist-work is rotten, and you are not following through." DRAWN BY A. T. SMITH.

When Lord Wodehouse re-In Harmony plied to the toast of his with Lord health at the London Press Club "Sporting" Night, Wodehouse. he referred to the things in sport which most

appeal to Englishmen. He mentioned the big football matches, the big race meetings, the big sports gatherings. As he began rounding off his sentence, the popping of a cork from a bottle resounded through the dining-room.

Lord Wodehouse paused, then, finishing his sentence, said: "Yes, these are the things in which the average Englishman is most interested."

Though Mr. George E. A Windsor "Ghost." Miles, who has been the Inspector of Windsor Castle for half a century, declares roundly that he has never encountered any of the small army of "ghosts" who are supposed

Cash.

The West - End tradesmen, par-ticularly the tailors and the bootmakers, continue

to offer inducements to their customers to pay cash. Tradesmen in the country are also developing the habit. I know a man and his wife who have just settled in a cathedral city. The wife sent the maid to buy a large enamelled bowl. When she examined it she found it marked: "Cash, 3s.; Booked, 3s. 6d.

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

We regret that in our recent issue dated Oct. 8, 1924, in publishing a photograph of the Duchess of Westminster which purported to be taken on her return to England, we repeated a statement, which we had understood had been otherwise circulated, to the effect that the Duchess stated that, although a Duchess, she was homeless. We understand her Grace made no such statement, and regret that it was inserted by us. photograph, as a matter of fact, was taken in America.

Kirmse Dog Etchings: Third Series. No. I.



STRAINING A FRIENDSHIP.

TULLO, Sandy, how-de-doo? Quite well, thank you, how are you? It's most kind of you to call. Not at all, Sir, not at all. Thought I'd just look in to see If you'd take a stroll with me. Very nice of you. (Oh lor! What's he really come here for? Ah, I know!) The fact is-er-I don't think I ought to stir Very far away. I fear Duty bids me stay out here. Cook is in the house alone— Rats! You're thinking of that bone. You're afraid, if we went out, I'd run back- You needn't shout. Once before I missed— All right! Come on out, my boy, and fight!

JOE WALKER.

"Sketch" readers will remember the delightful series of Dog Etchings by Miss Marguerite Kirmse which we published not long ago, and will be delighted to see that we have secured another collection of the work of this well-known animal artist, which we

are now publishing, together with special Dog Poems by Mr. Joe Walker. The understanding and charm with which Miss Kirmse presents the Friend of Man make a wide appeal—for it is an unlucky man or woman who has never loved a dog.

From the Etching by Marguerite Kirmse.

SOCIETY AT A 'CHASING MEETING: THE



OVER THE STICKS AT HEREFORD: SOME

A number of well-known people assembled at the Herefordshire Hunt Steeplechase Meeting at Hereford. Lady Moira Combe is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell, and is the wife of Major H. C. Combe, D.S.O.——Sir John Grey is the eighth Baronet. He has two

HEREFORDSHIRE HUNT STEEPLECHASES.



OF THOSE WHO ATTENDED THE MEETING.

country places—Enville Hall, Stourbridge, and The Lodge, Great Malvern.—Mr. R. E. Pritchard is a former Master of the South Herefordshire. Mr. U. R. Corbett-Winder is the present Master.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, and 8, by Algieri; Nos. 6, 9, 10, 11, and 12, by S. and G.]

The Earl of Galloway's Wedding to Miss Philippa Wendell.



SISTER, SISTER-IN-LAW, AND BROTHER-IN-LAW OF THE BRIDE: THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON, THE EARL OF CARNARVON, AND MRS. JACK WENDELL.



WITH MR. PERCIVALL GRIFFITHS: MRS. WENDELL, MOTHER OF THE BRIDE.



THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, BEST MAN, AND ATTENDANTS: BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT, THE HON. KATHLEEN BROWNE, MISS BERYL ANSON, CAPTAIN ALAN McGREGGOR WHITTON, THE BRIDEGROOM, THE BRIDE, MISS VIOLET GRIMSTON, MISS SHEELAH READE, AND MISS ANGELA PENNYMAN; FRONT ROW, MISS MARJORIE GLASGOW, MISS SARAH FRANCIS, MASTER MICHAEL STEWART, MISS ELEANOR WENDELL, MISS CYNTHIA FYERS, LADY MARY AMHERST, AND LORD RHIDIAN CRICHTON-STUART.

The marriage of the Earl of Galloway to Miss Philippa Wendell, second daughter of the late Mr. J. Wendell, of New York, and of Mrs. Wendell, and sister of the young Countess of Carnarvon, was one of the most important social gatherings of last week. The ceremony took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Jack Wendell. She wore a dress of Venetian design, carried

out in white radium, with a ceinture of pearls. The veil, lent by the Countess of Galloway, was of Brussels lace, and the train of gold-and-silver tissue. The bridesmaids wore silver dresses with red turbans, and carried bouquets of carnations with ribbons of the Stewart tartan; and the two pages were in Highland dress. After the ceremony Mrs. Wendell had a reception at Claridge's.—[Photographs by Universal and Bassano.]

The All Thirteens, Green Clad Wedding.





AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARGARET'S: VISCOUNT RIDLEY AND HIS VISCOUNTESS—
FORMERLY MISS URSULA LUTYENS.

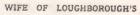


The marriage of Viscount Ridley, third holder of the title, to Miss Ursula Lutyens, younger daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the famous architect, and of Lady Emily Lutyens, took place last week, and was notable for the way in which the bride and bridegroom defied popular superstition by being followed by thirteen attendants (twelve bridesmaids and one page), being married on the thirteenth of the month, and

selecting green for the colour of the bridesmaids' dresses. No doubt, however, the bride was influenced in her choice of "thirteens" by the fact that her parents live at 13, Mansfield Street, so the number is probably her own "lucky" one. The reception after the ceremony was cancelled, owing to family mourning, but a large number of well-known people attended the church.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

Victim of an Accident: The Novelist Wife of a Politician.





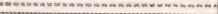
Mrs. Spears—whose writing name of Mary Borden is so well known to novel-readers in England and America— is the wife of Brigadier-General Spears, the Liberal candidate for Loughborough. She and her husband have been in America, and were in a terrible accident at Los Angeles, when the electric car in which they were travelling ran over



some electric points into a stationary engine. Neither Mrs. Spears nor her husband was injured, and they are making a rush journey to get home for the election. Brigadier-General Spears was due to reach Loughborough on

LIBERAL CANDIDATE: MRS. SPEARS.

Saturday by aeroplane from Southampton. Mrs. Spears is the author of "Jane Our Stranger," and other novels,





Photograph by Yevonde.

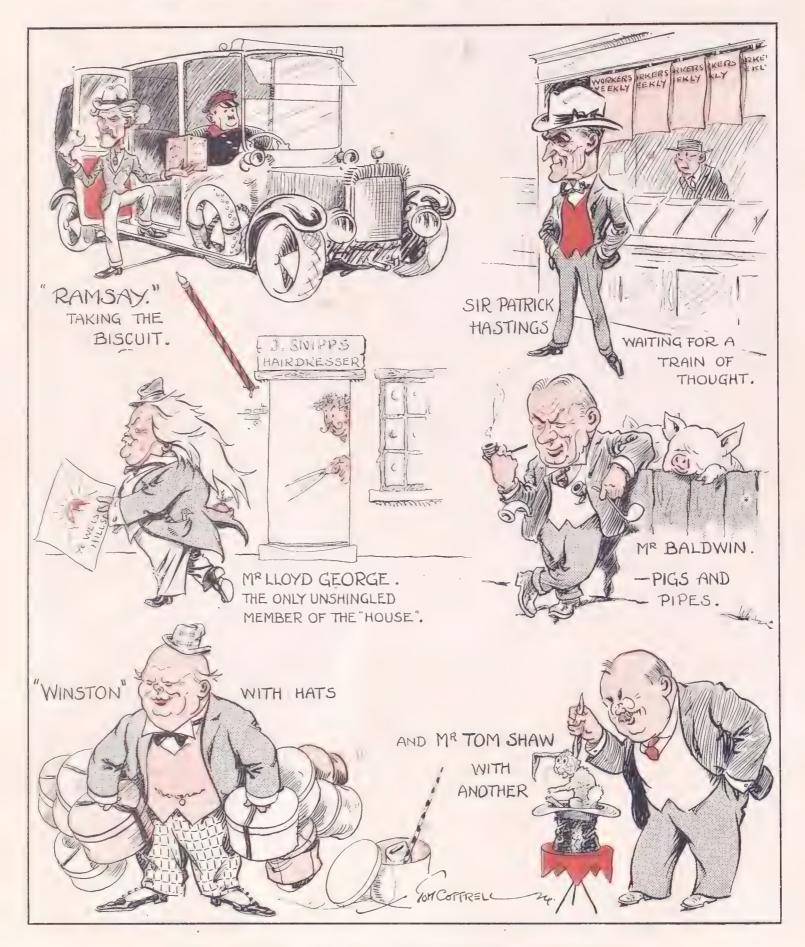
This Week's Studdy.



TONI THE MOUSE GIVES BONZO A DOUCHE.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

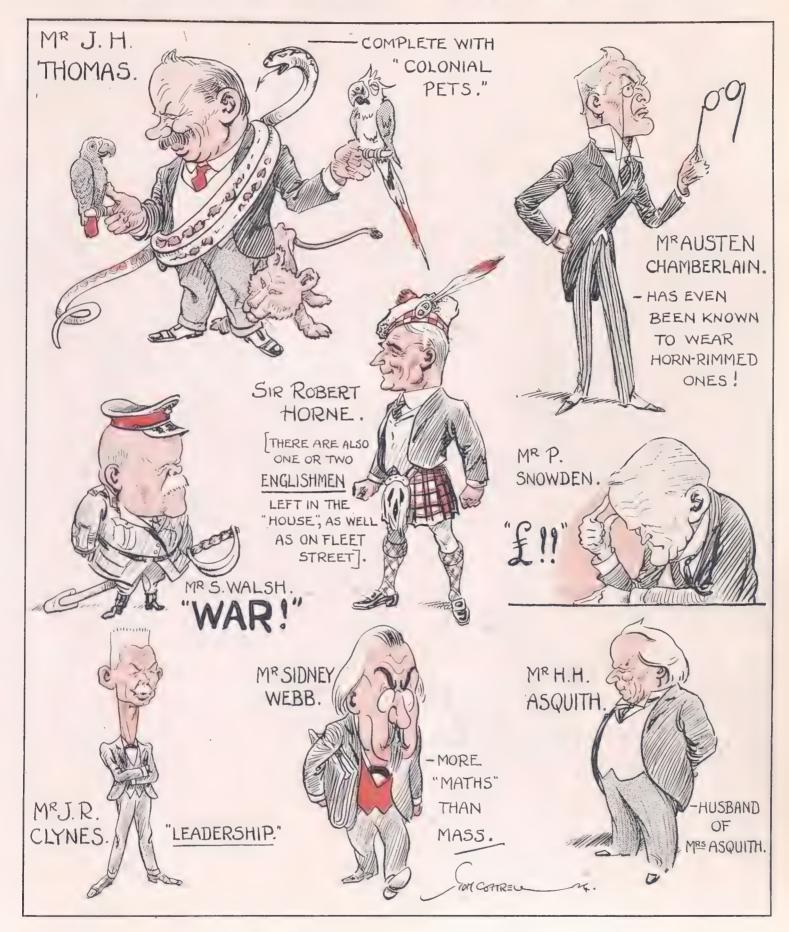
Gone to the Country to Seek Westminster.



WE PROVE THEM FAMOUS: PARLIAMENTARIANS CARICATURED.

Fame for the politician is achieved on public platforms and in Parliamentary debates, no doubt; and yet no Parliamentarian can count himselt readers of the popular papers all over the country. No matter how [Continued opposite,]

Gone to the Country to Seek Westminster.



WE PROVE THEM FAMOUS: PARLIAMENTARIANS CARICATURED.

Continued.1
cruel the caricature, it means fame such as is the meed of the fourteen we picture on these two pages. Our "subjects" are drawn from the three parties

who are now spreading their wares before the vote-holding public — each in the hope of returning to Westminster as the Government.

DRAWN BY TOM COTTRELL.



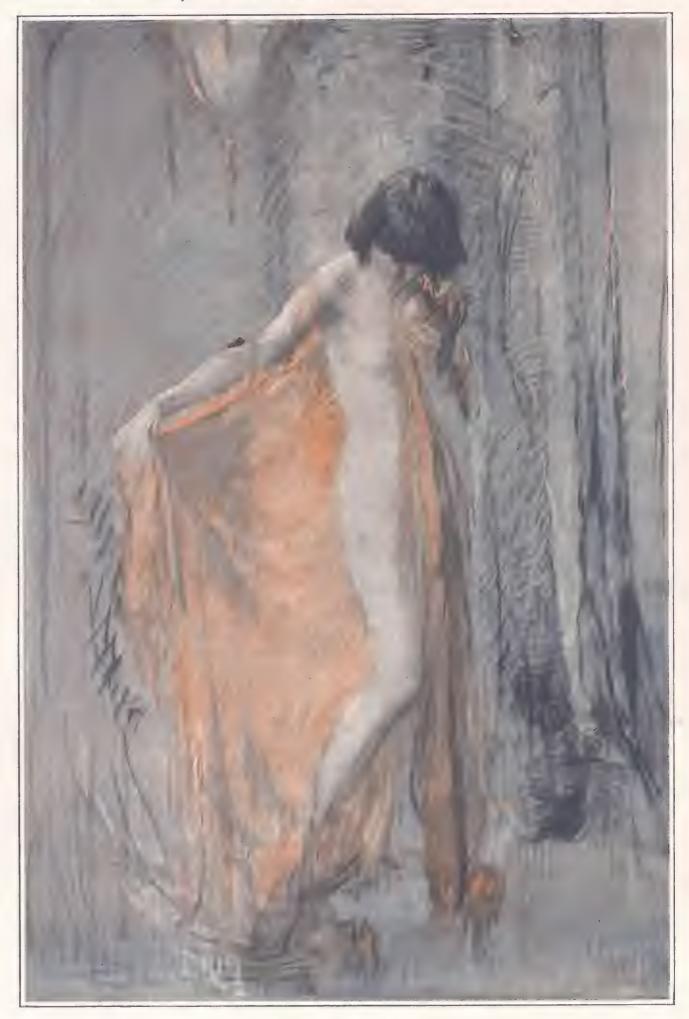
BOYS OF THE G



OLD BRIGADE.

BY HENRI BAUD.

One Theme by Two Artists: Isaac Cohen's Version.



THE YELLOW SHAWL.

Needless to say, this treatment of one theme by two artists is marely an interesting coincidence.

FROM THE PICTURE BY ISAAC COHEN. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

One Theme by Two Artists: Webster Murray's Version.



THE YELLOW SHAWL.

"Sketch" readers, who are familiar with the work of Webster Murray, will be interested to compare this beautiful example of his style with that of Isaac Cohen when interpreting the same theme

FROM THE PICTURE BY WEBSTER MURRAY

The Lovely Daughter of a Famous Beauty.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY: VISCOUNTESS EDNAM, R.C.C.

Viscountess Ednam is the wife of Captain Viscount Ednam, M.C., eldest son of the Earl of Dudley. She is the daughter of the fourth Duke of Sutherland, and of Lady Millicent Hawes, one of the most famous of Society beauties: married Lord Ednam in 1919, and has two little boys—

the Hon. William Humble David Ward, born in 1920, and the Hon. John Jeremy Ward, who is two years younger. Lord Ednam was, until the Dissolution, Conservative Member for Hornsey, but is not standing for Parliament at this election.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



1.

A PSEUDO-"HAMLET," AT THE NEW OXFORD.

MANY, many thanks to Mr. Charles Gulliver, that capital "sport" among managers, and to our veteran Shakespearean producer, William Poel, a master of his art, for a couple of delightful



DOUG. JUNIOR-AND HIS FAMOUS INHERITED SMILE: THE SON OF A FAMOUS FILM STAR FEATURED IN "STEPHEN STEPS OUT."

Douglas Fairbanks Junior, the son of the famous "Doug," is making his screen début in "Stephen Steps Out," the new Paramount picture, from the story, "The Grand Cross of the Crescent," by Richard Harding Davis. "Young Doug," can act like a veteran, has plenty of "pep," and possesses a smile just like his father, so he starts his film career under happy auguries.

hours spent at the New Oxford. To me this resuscitation of the-" Hamlet" drama as seen through barn-stormers' eyes of a former age was of particular interest, for as soon as the beautiful Florence Saunders spoke the prologue of "Fratricide Punished; or, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," I said to myself: "What ho! I know this fare; it comes back to us from Germany. Fifty years ago, I was sent to a little town on the Rhine called Wesel to learn German. There was a great meadow near the town where wayfaring theatres used to pitch their tents. Their plays were as ambitious as their acting was atrocious. We called them Schmiere (the lubricant theatre, because it was so greasy and so noisy), but we enjoyed ourselves hugely, for even to little boys of ten the perversion of Shakespeare-whom every Dutchman like myself imbibes with mother's milkwas something so grotesque, so screamingly funny, and so sacrilegious (which appealed to us most of all), that we gaily spent our sparse coppers on "Der bestrafte Brudermor oder Hamlet, Prinz von Dänemark," or "Macbeth, der Rothe Schottenkönig," or "Othello, oder Liebe und Eofersucht."

And here, in Mr. Poel's company, was my dear friend Hamlet again. Just as he was in 1874. I could almost recite the text in parallel lines. I still remembered the archaic and comic moment when the Ghost of Hamlet's father was heard, and Hamlet and Horatlo and a hallebardier changed places four times to hear whence the ghostly voice came. I laughed again as I laughed before at the adulterous fratricide, ever accompanied by a gigantic bodyguard, and later by a fearsome couple of Bolshevists who were to sail for England with Hamlet,

there to kill him-which they very nearly did. Great heavens, how funny it all was-the Queen looking like a demi-rep from old Cremorne: Polonius (here called Columbus, a pantaloon to behold); the King of H. de Lange, a little masterpiece of satirical acting of this ripe comedian (he was the beau-ideal of a barn-storming King); the Ophelia, a sweet little thing, spending half the time as Columbine (for a harlequinade preceded the Players' Scene, to amuse the bons bourgeois of old times); and Hamlet, a great thinker and a great shouter with his tongue in his cheek, admirable and ornate parody by Mr. Esmé Percy.

But the high tide of joy was reached when Hamlet addressed the Players, and the Chief Player (called Carl) with the disdain of a Jupiter listened to the precepts of Hamlet as to his art. It was idiotically funny, for both Hamlet and the Player did exactly what good actors should not do. And yet there was a grain of sense here and there in the mockery which made the many actors in the audience shake with laughter. I wish I could praise all the helpers of Mr. Poel as they deserve—one and all must take a leaf out of the wreath proffered to the Master. Poel is not only a producer, but a moulder of artists. Every character in this performance had a distinct personality.

It was a happy thought to start at noon and to finish before lunch-at that time of the day the mind enjoys a play as it savours the time-honoured glass of fizz and a bicky.

Mr. Gulliver should try a cycle of these matutinal matinées. There is a public for it-and money in J. T. G.

H.

TEMPLE THURSTON'S "BLUE PETER," AT THE PRINCES.

THIS is romance. Life is otherwise. A man of character who, after roving in the freedom of the tropics, settles down in marriage, yet after a while cannot resist the call of the wild, would not in reality

in one Christmas night decide to break the humdrum, to sail forth with a mate in quest of gold, and repent before it is too late. Even a weakling egged on by a tavern girl, who suddenly falls in love with him, would not act so impetuously. And the hero of this charming play was not meant to be weak. He was a strong man and a fine man, only the call of the wild laid hold of him like a spell. He was tired of home and regularity and convention. He loved his wife, so sweet and docile, but he failed to recognise that in her, too, the flame of the joy of life and freedom might be smouldering. So he gave way to the magic of the moment and repented before it was too late. He had scribbled her a note of farewell; she received that note before he could intercept it; when he came home she had read it -vet she did not flout him for his moment's aberration. She understood -and he understood her. Then they trimmed the Christmas tree for baby, and let's hope they were happy ever after.

The play began a little lamely and noisily-a kind of "White Cargo" scene minus its reality and poignancy. Temple Thurston is happier in the realms of fantasy and domesticity

than in the hardness of things that are. When we come to England, whither the hero, after his roamings. had gone to be "spliced" (mark the conventional flavour of the word-it describes his home life exactly), the human note begins to ring, and Thurston rings it with great charm and effect. There is in his dialogue something which appeals and holds. Anon we come to the tayern where the Blue Peter pennant wafted adventure, where the light-o'-love tried to beguile

the strong man. Here the atmosphere was right. The fumes of whisky and baccy mingled with the sirens of the boats in steam-up. Then home again— Christmas in the air, peace and goodwill, and that harmonising of two souls that sounds like harps in the air. It was moving because it was so simple. It is a play that excites one a little and cosies more.

George Tully was the hero. He was perfect. He rang true. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt was fairly sympathetic as the wife, but her Chelsea one-chorded delivery was all too subdued. She spoke of the flame of life, but it merely flickered. There was not enough temperament in her performance. Could she not let herself go? It is in her-one feels it; but she ever reins in when the character, as well as the text, ordain fervour.

Miss Dorothy Minto as the tavern girl was all sex, vivacity, intense egotism, waywardness. A fine characterisatio.., vividly thought and worked out in every detail. A great step forward. Mr. Charles Kenyon, as the true beachcomber, was the real type of the man: rough and ready, living his part. Mr. Henry Oscar, as a mining engineer, flotsam and jetsam of the wild coasts of the East, gave an intense portrayal, slightly inclined towards the melodramatic.

There was much enthusiasm, and it was genuine.

III.

RECENT DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

THE series of "Contemporary British Dramatists" now being published is full of good things, and among recent issues "The Man with a Load of Mischief," by Ashley Dukes, is especially good. The comedy is full of feeling; the dialogue is simple, natural, and free from clichés, and the impression it leaves with me is that it is eminently actable. This, after all, is the acid test. Another delightful volume is Hermon Ould's fantasy, "The Dance of Life." Delicate in imagery, genuine in pathos, moving with humour and subtle touches of satire, it weaves a web of mingled yarn into a tapestry of imaginative beauty



IN HER LATEST RÔLE: MISS GLORIA SWANSON AS ZAZA, THE STAR DANCER IN A PARISIAN CAFÉ-CHANTANT. Miss Gloria Swanson, the famous film star, is to be seen shortly in the title-rôle of "Zaza," the new Paramount picture due for release on Oct. 27. In this screen story she plays the part of a star performer in a café-chantant in a suburb of Paris.

that makes me cry out, "Why don't we give such plays a chance?" I did not care so much for Miles Malleson's "Fanatics." It is too much sermon and too little art. The discussion on Eguenics and the Marriage Question is interesting, but it contains nothing new, and the characters lack red corpuscles. "The Rigordans," by Edward Percy, follows a beaten track. The play has grip, and I am sure that it would be theatrically effective. I. T. G.

Plays of the Moment: No. XLVI. "The Blue Peter."



THE TEMPTING NUGGETS FROM NIGERIA: DAVID HUNTER (GEORGE TULLY), EMMA HUNTER (CATHLEEN NESBITT), AND FORMBY (CHARLES KENYON)—LEFT TO RIGHT.



THE MOTHER AND WIFE DISCUSS MAN: MRS. HUNTER (MARY BARTON), AND EMMA HUNTER (CATHLEEN NESBITT).



THE TRIUMPH OF HOME AND DOMESTICITY: DAVID (GEORGE TULLY) STICKS THE BLUE PETER ON THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

The eternal boyishness of man is the subject of much of the action in "The Blue Peter," at the Prince's, for when David Hunter has settled down to life in Liverpool, his wandering spirit is roused by the sight of promising nuggets from Nigeria—just as a boy would thrill over a new toy. David, however, stands firm, until Rosie's plot to give him the



THE TEMPTRESS AND THE NE'ER-DO-WEEL: ROSIE (DOROTHY MINTO) BARGAINS WITH PLEVIN (HENRY OSCAR) FOR HIS BERTH ON THE SHIP FOR NIGERIA.

passage booked for Plevin is laid before him. He accepts; but when he finds that he must pay with love for the boon, he returns to Emma, and obediently decks the Christmas-tree—finding, strangely enough, that the first little flag which is to be hung on it is the very Blue Peter (the ship's signal that it is about to sail) which has tempted him so sorely.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.

Plays of the Moment: No. XLVI. "The Blue Peter."



THE NATIVE PRINCE BRINGS HIS "DAMN FINE PRESENT" TO DAVID: SERAKIN DONKO (AINGO BARBAHJABA), THE NATIVE SERVANTS AND GIRL(M. BOMBABASHI), HUNTER (GEORGE TULLY), AND FORMBY (CHARLES KENYON)—L. TO R.



IN THE DOCKYARD INN, THE BLUE PETER: JAMES CALLAGHAN (FRED O'DONOVAN), FORMBY (CHARLES KENYON), HUNTER (GEORGE TULLY),
AND ROSIE (DOROTHY MINTO)—L. TO R.

"The Blue Peter," E. Temple Thurston's new play, recently produced at the Prince's, opens in Nigeria, and shows the strenuous, dangerous life of the white man in Wildest Africa. David Hunter is the hero of the adventure, and in the next act he is shown as the domesticated man, living with his wife and child in a little home in Liverpool, yet hankering after the wilds, and all that is represented by the Blue Peter, the flag which signifies that a ship is about to sail. When he goes to see his friend Formby off, he is tempted by Rosie, the landlord's daughter, who offers to obtain a passage for him. He accepts; but when he finds that he must become her lover in return, he draws back and returns home.

Clever, Decorative, and Charming: London's Midnight Follies.



"KEEPING AWAY FROM SMOKE": FOUR OF THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES BEAUTIES
AND THEIR CIGARETTE-HOLDERS:



A "FLORODORA" REVIVAL: THE MISSES PHYLLIS GARTON, SYLVIA HAWKES, ENID STAMP-TAYLOR, AND MARJORIE SPIERS IN "TELL ME, PRETTY MAIDEN."



AN IMPRESSION OF "WHAT'LL YOU DO SUNDAY,
MARY?" FROM "POPPY": MR. LESLIE FRENCH AND
MISS ENID STAMP-TAYLOR.



A VERY POPULAR ARTIST AND TWO OF HER FRIENDS: MISS ELSA MACFARLANE.



IN "OH, KATARINA": MISS ZOE PALMER.



AN IMPRESSION FROM "CHARLOT'S REVUE": MISS MARJORIE SPIERS AND MR. GEORGE HAMILTON AS HENRY KENDALL AND PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

London has "caught" the cabaret habit, and those who like to eat their supper to the accompaniment of a varied and attractive show can be certain of doing this at the Hotel Metropole, where the Midnight Follies are having a big success. Their numbers include some clever impressions of scenes in

some of the productions of the moment, as well as good dancing and other numbers. The revival of "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," from "Florodora," is proving a big attraction, and Miss Eisa Macfarlane, who is always so popular an artist, is appearing, as well as a number of other clever theatrical stars.



A SECRET KNOWN ONLY TO NATURE AND TÉCLA!

How many "pearls" reveal their artificial origin with too little lustre or too much! For, it is neither brilliance nor dullness that makes iridescence, but that happy medium between false extremes, the secret of which is known only to Nature-and to Técla!

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(Touchstone)

DEWAR'S THE TOUCHSTONE OF QUALITY

Good whisky, like fine wit, pleases subtly. There is pleasure in its charm, never hurting and never ungenerous. Appreciation of humour is a great asset to happiness and so is appreciation of the very Touchstone of Quality in whisky . . .

DEWAR'S

A Singer of Jenny Lind's Songs in Period Costume.



TO GIVE A CONCERT ON SUNDAY, OCT. 26, AT THE ALBERT HALL: MISS FRIEDA HEMPEL.

Miss Frieda Hempel, the well-known soprano, is giving a concert on Sunday next, Oct. 26, at the Albert Hall, and is likely to draw a big audience. Her répertoire includes a number of the songs made famous by Jenny Lind—the great Swedish soprano who made her

first London appearance in 1847, and enjoyed a European reputation until her retirement in 1870—and she is shortly going on tour with a series of Jenny Lind Concerts. At these she will wear a period costume and sing Jenny Lind songs.



TOMMY AND TUPPENCE.

A DETECTIVE SERIES BY AGATHA CHRISTIE.

Author of "The Man in the Brown Suit," "The Man Who Was Number Four," "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot" "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," "The Secret Adversary," etc.

No. V.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE SINISTER STRANGER.

TT'S been a darned dull day," said Tommy, and yawned widely.

"Nearly tea-time," said Tuppence, and also yawned.

Business was not brisk in Blunt's Brilliant Detective Agency.

Albert, the office-boy, entered with a sealed package, which he laid on the table.

"The Mystery of the Sealed Packet," murmured Tommy. "Did it contain the fabulous pearls of the Russian Grand Duchess, or was it in reality an infernal machine destined to blow Blunt's Brilliant Detectives to pieces?"

"As a matter of fact," said Tuppence, tearing open the package, "it's my wedding present to Francis Haviland. Rather nice,

isn't it?"

Tommy took a slender silver cigarette-case from her outstretched hand, noted the inscription engraved in her own handwriting-"Francis from Tuppence"—opened and shut the case, and nodded approvingly.

"You do throw your money about, Tup-pence," he remarked. "I'll have one like it, only in gold, for my birthday next month. Wasting a thing like that on Francis Haviland, who always was and always will be one of the most perfect asses God ever made.'

You forget I used to drive him about during the war, when he was a General. Ah, those were the good old days."
"They were," agreed Tommy. "Beauti-

ful women used to come and squeeze my hand in hospital, I remember. But I don't send them all wedding presents. I don't believe the bride will care much for this gift of yours, Tuppence."

"It's nice and slim for the receive isn't

"It's nice and slim for the pocket, isn't it?" said Tuppence, disregarding his re-

marks.

Tommy slipped it into his own pocket. "Just right," he said approvingly. "Hu "Hullo, here is Albert with the afternoon post. possibly the Duchess of Perthshire is commissioning us to find her prize Peke."

They sorted through the letters together. Suddenly Tommy gave vent to a prolonged whistle, and held up one of them in his hand.

"A blue letter with a Russian stamp on it. Do you remember what the Chief said? We were to look out for letters like that."

"How exciting," said Tuppence. "Something has happened at last. Open it and see if the contents are up to schedule. A ham merchant, wasn't it? Half-a-minute. We shall want some milk for tea. They forgot to leave it this morning. I'll send Albert out for it."

She returned from the outer office, after despatching Albert on his errand, to find Tommy holding the blue sheet of paper in his hand.

"As we thought, Tuppence," he remarked. " Almost word for word what the Chief said."

Tuppence took the letter from him and read it.

It was couched in careful, stilted English, and purported to be from one Gregor Feodorsky, who was anxious for news of his wife. The Brilliant Detective Agency was urged to spare no expense in doing their utmost to trace her. Feodorsky himself was unable to leave Russia at the moment owing to a crisis in the pork trade.

wonder what it really means," said Tuppence thoughtfully, smoothing out the sheet on the table in front of her.

"Code of some kind, I suppose," said "That's not our business. Tommy. Our business is to hand it over to the Chief as soon as possible. Better just verify it by soaking off the stamp and seeing if the number '16' is underneath."

"All right," said Tuppence. "But I should think—"

should think-

She stopped dead, and Tommy, surprised by her sudden pause, looked up to see a man's burly figure blocking the doorway.

The intruder was a man of commanding presence, squarely built, with a very round head and a powerful jaw. He might have been about forty-five years of age.

"I must beg your pardon," said the stranger, advancing into the room, hat in hand. "I found your outer office empty, and this door open, so I ventured to intrude. This is Blunt's Brilliant Detective Agency, is it not?"

Certainly it is."

"And you are, perhaps, Mr. Blunt? Mr. Theodore Blunt?

I am Mr. Blunt. You wished to consult

me? This is my secretary, Miss Robinson."
Tuppence inclined her head gracefully, but continued to scrutinise the stranger narrowly through her downcast eyelashes. She was wondering how long he had been standing in the doorway, and how much he had seen and heard. It did not escape her observation that even while he was talking to Tommy, his eyes kept coming back to the blue paper in her hand.

Tommy's voice, sharp with a warning note, recalled her to the needs of the

moment.

Miss Robinson, please take notes. Now, Sir, will you kindly state the matter on which you wish to have my advice?

Tuppence reached for her pad and pencil. The big man began in rather a harsh

"My name is Bower. Dr. Charles Bower. I live in Hampstead, where I have a practice. several rather strange occurrences have happened lately." I have come to you, Mr. Blunt, because

Yes, Dr. Bower?"

"Twice in the course of the last week, I have been summoned by telephone to an urgent case—in each case to find that the summons has been a fake. The first time, I thought a practical joke had been played upon me; but on my return the second time, I found that some of my private papers had been displaced and disarranged, and I now believe that the same thing happened the first time. I made an exhaustive search, and came to the conclusion that my whole desk had been thoroughly ransacked, and the various papers replaced hurriedly.

Dr. Bower paused, and gazed at Tommy.

"Well, Mr. Blunt?"

"Well, Dr. Bower," replied the young man, smiling.

What do you think of it, eh?"

"Well, first I should like the facts. What do you keep in your desk?"
"My private papers."

"Exactly. Now, what do those private papers consist of? What value are they to the common thief-or any particular person?

To the common thief I cannot see that they would have any value at all; but my notes on certain obscure alkaloids would be of interest to anyone possessed of

technical knowledge on the subject. I have been making a study of such matters for the last few years. These alkaloids are deadly and virulent poisons, and are, in addition, almost untraceable. They yield no known reactions."

The secret of them would be worth money,

"To unscrupulous persons, yes."
And you suspect—whom?"

The doctor shrugged his massive shoulders. "As far as I can tell, the house was not entered forcibly from the outside. seems to point to some member of my household; and yet I cannot believebroke off abruptly, then began again, his face

very grave—
"Mr. Blunt, I must place myself in your hands unreservedly. I dare not go to the police in the matter. Of my three servants I am almost entirely sure. They have served me long and faithfully. Still, one never knows. Then I have living with me my two nephews, Bertram and Henry. Henry is a good boy, a very good boy; he has never caused me any anxiety—an excellent, hard-working young fellow. Bertram, I regret to say, is of quite a different character-wild, extravagant, and persistently idle.'

"I see," said Tommy thoughtfully. "You suspect your nephew Bertram of being mixed up in this business. Now I don't agree with

you. I suspect the good boy—Henry."

"But why?"

"Tradition. Precedent." Tommy waved his hand airily. "In my experience, the suspicious characters are always innocentand vice-versa, my dear Sir. Yes, decidedly,

I suspect Henry."

"Excuse me, Mr. Blunt," said Tuppence, interrupting in a deferential voice. "Did I understand Dr. Bower to say that these notes on-er-obscure alkaloids are kept in

the desk with the other papers?"
"They are kept in the desk, my dear young lady, but in a secret drawer, the position of which is known only to myself. Hence they

have so far defied the search."

"And what exactly do you want me to do, Dr. Bower?" asked Tommy. "Do you anticipate that a further search will be made?

"I do, Mr. Blunt. I have every reason to believe so. This afternoon, I received a telegram from a patient of mine whom I ordered to Bournemouth a few weeks ago. The telegram states that my patient is in a critical condition, and begs me to come down at once. Rendered suspicious by the events I have told you of, I myself despatched a telegram, prepaid, to the patient in question, and elicited the fact that he was in good health and had sent no summons to me of any kind. It occurred to me that if I pretended to have been taken in, and duly departed to Bournemouth, we should have a very good chance of finding the miscreant's at work. They-or he-will doubtless wait until the household has retired to bed before commencing operations. I suggest that you should meet me outside my house at eleven o'clock this evening, and we will investigate the matter together."

Hoping, in fact, to catch them in the act." Tommy drummed thoughtfully on the table with a paper-knife. "Your plan seems to me an excellent one, Dr. Bower. I cannot see any hitch in it. Let me see, your address [Continued on Page 211 .

Crab-Apple Day.

It is a West of England custom of very great antiquity for village maidens at Michaelmas to gather crab-apples. These they carry home and, putting them in a loft, form therewith the initials of their supposed suitors' names. On Old Michaelmas Day an examination is made of the apples, and the initials formed by the fruit which is in best condition are regarded as a reliable guide to marital choice.



It's a wise old custom to

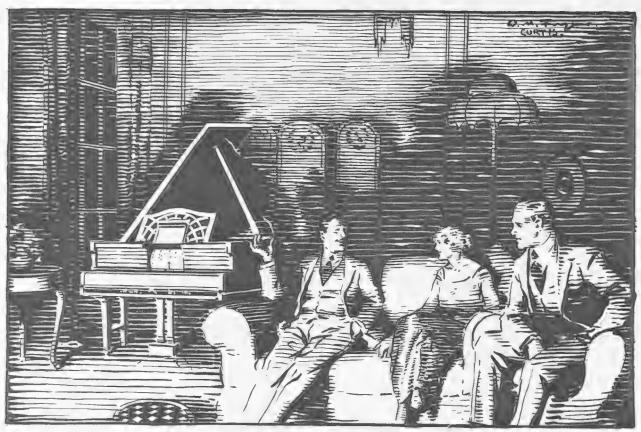
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AEOLIAN HALL 131-137, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1 Continued.]
"The Larches, Hangman's Lane—rather a lonely part, I am afraid. But we command magnificent views over the Heath."

Quite so," said Tommy.

The visitor rose.

"Then I shall expect you to-night, Mr. Blunt. Outside The Larches at-shall we say, five minutes to eleven, to be on the safe

"Certainly. Five minutes to eleven, Good-

afternoon, Dr. Bower."

Tommy rose, pressed the buzzer on his desk, and Albert appeared to show the client The Doctor walked with a decided limp, but his powerful physique was evident in

spite of it.

"An ugly customer to tackle," murmured Tommy to himself. "Well, Tuppence old girl, what do you think of it?"

I 'll tell you in one word," said Tuppence. " Clubfoot!

What?"

" I said Clubfoot. Tommy, this thing's a plant. Obscure alkaloids indeed!—I never heard a weaker story.

"Even I did not find it very convincing,"

admitted her husband.

"Did you see his eyes on the letter? Tommy, he's one of the gang. They've got wise to the fact that you're not the real Mr. Blunt, and they 're out for our blood."
"In that case," said Tommy, opening the

side cupboard and surveying his rows of books with an affectionate eye, "our rôle is easy to select. We are the brothers Okewood. And I am Desmond," he added firmly.

Tuppence shrugged her shoulders.

"All right. Have it your own way. I'd just as soon be Francis. Francis was much the more intelligent of the two. Desmond always gets into a mess, and Francis turns up as the gardener or something in the nick of time and saves the situation."
"Ah!" said Tommy. "But I shall be a

super-Desmond! When I arrive at The

Larches-

Tuppence interrupted him unceremoniously. "You're not going to Hampstead tonight?"

Why not?"

"Walk into a trap with your eyes shut!" "No, my dear girl—walk into a trap with my eyes open. There's a lot of difference. I think our friend Dr. Bower will get a little

"I don't like it," said Tuppence. "You know what happens when Desmond disobeys the Chief's orders and acts on his own. Our orders were quite clear. To send on the letters at once and to report immediately on

anything that happened."
"You've not got it quite right," said
Tommy. "We were to report immediately if anyone came in and mentioned the number

if anyone came in and incretoned sixteen. Nobody has."

"That's a quibble," said Tuppence.

"It's no good. I've got a fancy for playing a lone hand. My dear old Tuppence, I shall be all right. I shall go armed to the The essence of the whole thing is that I shall be on my guard, and they won't know it. The Chief will be patting me on the back for a good night's work."

"Well," said Tuppence, "I don't like it. That man's as strong as a gorilla."

"Ah!" said Tommy. "But think of

it. That man's as strong "Ah!" said Tommy. "But think or my blue-nosed automatic."
The door of the outer office opened and Albert appeared. Closing the door behind he approached them with an envelope

in his hand.

A gentleman to see you," said Albert. ".When I began the usual stunt of saying you were engaged with Scotland Yard, he Said he told me he knew all about that. came from Scotland Yard himself! And he wrote something on a card and stuck it up in this envelope.

Tommy took the envelope and opened it. As he read the card, a grin passed across his

"The gentleman was amusing himface self at your expense by speaking the truth, Albert," he remarked. "Show him in."

Albert," he remarked. "Snow mm M.
He tossed the card to Tuppence. It bore the name "Detective-Inspector Dymchurch,"

A persyled in pencil: "A and across it was scrawled in pencil: friend of Marriot's."

In another minute the Scotland Yard detective was entering the inner office. appearance, Inspector Dymchurch was of the same type as Inspector Marriot-short and

thick-set, with shrewd eyes.
"Good-afternoon," said the detective breezily. "Marriot's away in South Wales; but before he went, he asked me to keep an eye on you two, and on this place in general. Oh, bless you, Sir!" he went on, as Tommy seemed about to interrupt him, "we know all about it. It's not our department, and we don't interfere. But somebody's got wise lately to the fact that all is not what it seems. You've had a gentleman here this afternoon. I don't know what he called himself, and I don't know what his real name is, but I know a little about him. Enough to want to know more. Am I right in assuming that he made an appointment with you at some particular spot to-night?"

"Quite right."
"I thought as much—16, Westerham

Road, Finsbury Park? Was that it?"
"You're wrong there," said Tommy, with a smile. "Dead wrong. The Larches, Hamp-

Dymchurch seemed honestly taken aback.

Clearly he had not expected this.

"I don't understand it," he muttered.

"It must be a new lay-out. The Larches,
Hampstead, you said?"

"Yes. I'm to meet him there at eleven

o'clock to-night."

"Don't you do it, Sir."
"There!" burst from Tuppence.

Tommy flushed.

"If you think, Inspector-" he began heatedly.

But the Inspector raised a soothing hand. "I'll tell you what I think, Mr. Blunt. The place where you want to be at eleven o'clock to-night is here in this office."
"What?" cried Tuppence, astonished.

"What?" cried Tuppence, astonished.
"Here in this office. Never mind how I know-departments overlap sometimes-but you got one of those famous 'blue' letters Old What's-his-name is after that. He lures you up to Hampstead, makes quite sure of your being out of the way, and steps in here at night when all the building is empty and quiet, to have a good search round at his leisure."

But why should he think the letter would be here? He'd know I should have it on

me or else have passed it on."

"Begging your pardon, Sir, that's just what he wouldn't know. He may have tumbled to the fact that you're not the original Mr. Blunt; but he probably thinks that you're a bona-fide gentleman who's bought the business. In that case, the letter would be all in the way of regular

business and would be filed as such."
"I see," said Tuppence.
"And that's just what we've got to let him think. We'll catch him red-handed here to-night."
"So that's the plan is it?"

So that's the plan, is it?"

"Yes. It's the chance of a lifetime. Now, let me see, what's the time? Six o'clock. What time do you usually leave here, Sir?"

"About six."

"You must seem to leave the place as usual. Actually we'll sneak back to it as soon as possible. I don't believe they'll come here till about eleven, but, of course, they might. If you'll excuse me, I'll just go and take a look round outside and see if I can make out anyone watching the place."

Dymchurch departed, and Tommy began an argument with Tuppence.

It lasted some time, and was heated and acrimonious. In the end Tuppence suddenly

capitulated.

All right," she said, "I give in. I'll go home, and sit there like a good little girl, whilst you tackle crooks and hob-nob with detectives. But you wait, young man-I'll be even with you yet for keeping me out of the fun.'

Dymchurch returned at that moment.
"Coast seems clear enough," he said.
"But you can't tell. Better seem to leave in the usual manner. They won't go on watching the place once you've gone.

Tommy called Albert, and gave him

instructions to lock up.

Then the four of them made their way to the garage near by, where the car was usually Tuppence drove, and Albert sat beside her. Tommy and the detective sat behind.

Presently they were held up by a block in the traffic. Tuppence looked over her shoulder and nodded. Tommy and the detective opened the right-hand door and stepped out into the middle of Oxford Street.

Ten minutes later they were back outside

the building they had left.
"Better not go in just yet," said Dymchurch. "You've got the key all right?"

Tommy nodded.
"Then what about a bite of dinner? It's early, but there's a little place here right opposite. We'll get a table by the window, so that we can watch the place all the time.

They had a very welcome little meal, in the manner the detective had suggested. Tommy found Inspector Dymchurch quite an entertaining companion. Most of his official work had lain among international spies, and he had tales to tell which astonished the simple Tommy.

They remained in the little restaurant until eight o'clock, when Dymchurch suggested a

"It's quite dark now, Sir," he explained.
"We shall be able to slip in without anyone

being the wiser.' It was, as he had said, quite dark.

crossed the road, looked quickly up and down the deserted street, and slipped inside the entrance. Then they mounted the stairs, and Tommy inserted his key in the lock of the outer office.

Just as he did so he heard, as he thought,

Dymchurch whistle beside him.
"What are you whistling for?" he asked sharply.

"I didn't whistle," said Dymchurch, very much astonished. "I thought you did."

"Well, someone——" began Tommy.

He got no farther. Strong arms seized him from behind, and before he could cry out a

pad of something sweet and sickly was pressed over his mouth and nose.

He struggled valiantly, but in vain. The chloroform did its work. His head began to whirl, and the floor heaved up and down in front of him. Choking, he lost consciousness.

He came to himself painfully, but in full possession of his faculties. The chloroform had been only a whiff. They had kept him under long enough to force a gag into his mouth and ensure that he did not cry out.

When he came to himself he was half-lying, half-sitting, propped against the wall in a corner of his own inner office. Two men were busily turning out the contents of the desk and ransacking the cupboards, and as

they worked they cursed freely.
"Swelp me, guv'nor," said the taller of
the two hoarsely, "we've turned the whole -y place upside down and inside out.

It's not here.

"It must be here," snarled the other. "It isn't on him. And there's no other place where it can be."

As he spoke he turned, and, to Tommy's utter amazement, he saw that the last speaker was none other than Inspector Dymchurch. [Continued on Page xxxvi.

The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.



"Touchstone: Wast ever Life at Court. in court, shepherd?

"CORIN: No, truly.

"TOUCHSTONE: Then thou art damned.
"CORIN: Nay, I hope——
"TOUCHSTONE: Truly, thou art damned; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.
"CORIN: For not being at court? Your

"TOUCHSTONE: Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners;



THE ENGAGEMENT OF SIR CLAUD SCHUSTER'S ONLY DAUGHTER: MISS BETTY SCHUSTER AND HER FIANCÉ, MR. THEO TURNER.

Miss Betty Schuster is the only daughter of Sir Claud Schuster, K.C.B., C.V.O., K.C., Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor and Clerk of the Crown in Chancery. Her engagement to Mr. Theo Turner, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Turner, has been announced. Photograph by C.P.P.

if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness

is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.'

Which may account for the passionate desire of so many people to get a glimpse of court life, though it be only a glimpse. As for the rest of us, who may be lacking in push or daring, we must be content with the pictures we get of life at court from our dramatists, novelists, and painters! Heaven send they dramatise, and fictionise, and paint truly, or most of us will perish in a condition of ignorance too parlous to be truly estimated, even by Touchstone.

I feel, somehow or other, that "Princess Amelia" is " Princess Amelia." a fairly reliable picture of the Court of George III. and Good Queen Charlotte. Carola Oman, the author, was never there, to be sure; but what does that matter to a writer with a sense of period and an understanding of human nature? Besides, one of Carola's ancestors may have observed these things at first hand, or Carola herself

might quite possibly be a reincarnation of one of these ladies-in-waiting.

What I like about the book is the homely atmosphere. All the best stories of Royalties bring out the human side of these great personages, and that is what we wish to On ceremonial occasions we can see Royalty for ourselves, just as we can read their State documents. What we want to be told is that underneath all the imposing trappings they are much the same sort of people as ourselves-getting hungry, getting thirsty, getting bored, getting up, and going to bed. Such stories do good in two ways: they flatter the vanity of the public, and they make the public sympathise with those who must ever live in that fierce light which beats upon a throne.

Here is a picture of domes-An Evening ticity in exalted circles just about one hundred at Windsor.

and twenty years ago:
"It was one of those interminable evenings at Windsor when there was no concert or theatricals, and the Royal Family spent the hours until_bedtime at cards.

"The second week of November had brought excessive cold. In the Queen's Drawing-Room a sleepy fire burnt, and all

the windows were tightly closed.

"Colonel Fitzroy glanced at the gilt timepiece above the fire and stifled a yawn. It was still only half-past nine, and not until the Castle clock struck ten would the visitors retire for supper. Three tables only had been set out for cards, for the nipping frost had discouraged most visitors from prolonged entertainment after dinner. The lofty, clearcoloured room was brilliantly lighted. Mirrors and polished floor reflected harmonious designs, but the atmosphere was not brilliant. There was no speech above a low murmur, except at the King's table, where their Majesties sat with the Princess Augusta and the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke was looking. very cross and very dull. The Prince of Wales had sent word early that morning that he was suffering from an insistent catarrh; and would be glad if his brother would visit the Fat Stock Show in his place.'

The Love meditating flight from Windsor! Why? Ah, Story. now we get to the romance. He was in love with the Princess Amelia! They had been left at Weymouth together after the departure of the King and Queen. Certainly, there was the excellent Miss Gomme to chaperon the Princess; but the King had left instructions that the Princess should ride for her health and that her guide and companion on these rides should be Colonel Fitzroy! I don't know whether George III. knew what to expect when he issued those parting orders, but, if he didn't, I did. Yes, and so will ninety-nine readers out of a hundred who take up this book.

And Colonel Fitzroy was

But they won't know, unless they read the story for themselves, how prettily the love-story is told. The Princess, who was only seventeen, and very lovely, wanted desperately to go riding, but that meant sending-actually sending !- for the Colonel! Naturally, she was shy, and her shyness is naturally depicted.

Fed up with Miss Gomme, she does at last send for the Colonel.

Oh, Colonel, I want you to know I should like to ride to-morrow.'

'Yes, your Royal Highness.'

"'At-at eleven o'clock, perhaps?' said Amelia, hoping that a question in her voice would rouse him to more conversational

"He bowed again."

But they got on better when Miss Gomme was not present. Fortunately, Miss Gomme did not ride, and the only person who accompanied the Princess and the Colonel was a groom, who had the sense to keep his distance, and rather more than his distance.

And then the Princess's horse went lame, and she had to borrow the groom's horse, and they were a long way from home. Also, it rained. Also, darkness fell upon the

They came down the hill through Preston out of the wind, and the sound of hurrying ditches was clearly audible. "' Preston, said Fitzroy.

"She did not answer, and he thought her asleep. He came closer gently and took her rein. Presently her snooded head drooped towards him.

"He did not look down until he saw lights great and small that showed in Weymouth. Then he noticed that her eyes were wide open and she was looking up at him. With the gesture of a child she gave him her right hand from under the cloak. She



AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE AT THE GUARDS CHAPEL: LIEUTENANT - COLONEL MAKGILL CRICHTON-MAITLAND, D.S.O., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS PATIENCE FULLER.

The marriage of Lieutenant-Colonel Makgill Crichton-Maitland, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards, son of the late Major-General and Lady Margaret Makgill Crichton-Maitland, to Miss Patience Fuller, daughter of the late Sir John Fuller, and of Mrs. Forestier-Walker, and sister of Sir Gerard Fuller, was celebrated at the Guards' Chapel last week.—[Photograph by I.B.]

had taken off her soaked glove, and her hand was warm in his stiff, wet fingers. "'It was inevitable,' said Fitzroy, and

kissed it many times.
"'What?' she faltered.

"His numbed grasp tightened. There were tears wet on her cheeks. He could not think



Johnnie Walker:

"Greetings! illustrious Poet — we still enjoy your inspiring poems and ballads."

Shade of Swinburne:

"The inspiration you dispense is more universally enjoyed, I am sure."

BEAUTIFUL SHOES



THESE BEAUTIFUL SHOES ARE THE LATEST CREATIONS OF F PINET, OF 47/48, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1 (Corner of Maddox St.).

MESSRS, F. PINET, OF LONDON AND PARIS, STILL RESERVE THE FAME OF BEING THE LEADING SHOE DESIGNERS IN THE WORLD, AND THEIR ARTISTIC PRODUCTIONS ARE BEYOND COMPARE.

AT ALL TIMES OF THE SEASON ONE WILL FIND THEIR EXCLUSIVE BOND STREET SALON INVADED BY ROYAL PATRONS AND ALSO OUR MOST PROMINENT FASHION LEADERS IN SOCIETY AND THE STAGE WORLD.

and dared not speak. Hand in hand they came down into Weymouth, her head on his breast, her eyes closed happily."

Mind you, I am not de-A Sad fending this sort of thing. Ending. Not for one moment would I lead you to suppose that I think it right. But I cannot find it in my heart to blame



A YOUNG ARTIST WHO HAS BEEN HEARD AT THE "PROMS." THIS SEASON: MISS MARGARET FAIRLESS.

Miss Margaret Fairless is a talented young artist who has been heard at the Promenade Concerts this winter. Her first appearance this season was on Sept. 2, and she again figured on the programme at a recent concert.

either the Princess or the Colonel. There was only one person to blame in the matter, and that was his Majesty King George III. And there were excuses for him.

Moreover, he tried to atone. When Amelia went into a decline, "her father summoned Sir Henry Halford, Dr. Baillie, Dr. Heberden, Dr. Saunders, and Dr. Pope to attend her, and told them to send him a report on her condition every morning at seven o clock, and after that at intervals of two hours throughout the day. He often spent more than an hour questioning them one by one, and every evening his blinded steps were turned in the direction of Augusta Lodge."

In a multitude of doctors there may have been hope, but, alas! there was no salvation. The poor little Princess passed away, and Fitzroy, now a General, was left to live out

his life as best he might.

Very simply told, this little tale of great people, but with delicacy, with insight, with humour, and with charm. I commend it to the attention of those who believe that life in a Palace is all champagne and billiards, and that the motto "I serve" is a mere ruse to deceive the ignorant.

Times have changed, as we all know, but there is one thing that never changes. Pardon my mentioning it: the human heart.

Here we have the diaries Footsteps of and travel notes made by Livingstone." Alfred Dolman, the whole edited by John Irving, with illustrations by the author.

In case you do not know who Alfred Dolman was, allow me to enlighten you. He was a traveller, diarist, and artist, who was born in 1827, made three important expeditions into unexplored parts of South and Central Africa between 1845 and 1849, and on a fourth expedition in 1851 met a mysterious and untimely death at the age of twenty-four. He kept full journals of his travels, which he illustrated himself and which are now printed in this volume for the first time. A close personal friend of Dr. Moffat and his daughter, Mrs. Livingstone, he was on his way to join forces with Dr. Livingstone when he met his death.

The publisher is of opinion that both as a record of pioneer exploration in Africa and of a remarkable personality hitherto unknown, these journals are unrivalled.

I have no desire to quarrel with that opinion. I must confess that before reading this volume my own knowledge of Alfred Dolman was of the scantiest. Having read it, I commend it to your notice, and beg to draw your especial attention to the charming little coloured sketch which faces the titlepage. It was a great loss when Dolman disappeared at the age of twenty-four.

"Dolman," writes the Editor of this volume, "was a man whom nothing How Did He Die? could daunt, not even Death, and his watchword on all his journeys had ever been, 'Nil Desperandum' and 'Dum spiro spero'—

the latter being his family motto.
"That he was ill on the journey can be taken as a strong probability, but how he became ill is another matter. He was alleged to have poisoned himself with a poisonous fruit, and yet his knowledge would surely have rendered that unlikely. Yet poisoned he was and if not by his own hand, then by whose?

If he were poisoned by some outside, human agency, then the chances are that it was done after careful premeditation, and it is not outside the bounds of reason to suggest that the same hand that was responsible for administering the poison was also instrumental in causing the second and unexplained bulletmark in the rock near the spot where Moyle found the remains. And if the second bullet-mark can be explained away in this manner, the chances are that the bullet which spent its force on the rock in the bush on that December day had first passed through Alfred Dolman's body.

"If this supposition was the correct one, then whose was the hand? None but the Greatest of Judges can now know."

This story purports "The Circle of to have been writthe Stars." ten by a lady, Joan Sutherland, and I have no doubt whatever that such is the case. What puzzles me is a certain amount of internal evidence which seems to betray the male hand as coadjutor. I am not going to give chapter and verse, but there are one or two expressions-and one in particularwhich I have never before met with outside male circles, and even inside them but rarely.

Half the story takes place in England, and the other half in Africa. The English portions are not violently new, but the African scenes are certainly the outcome of first-hand knowledge.

The hero is one Robert Carson. and he was just the sort of hero that the feminine mind—at any rate, in

fiction—adores. He was tall and well-built, neither old nor young-actually in the late thirties - clean-shaven, with brown close-cut hair crisping a little and grey on the temples, and strongly

marked features that could be seen before the match flared and sank, and only the tiny red glow of the cigarette end, alternately waxing and waning, showed where he still stood.

You see what I mean? You get all those attractions on the very first page, and they deserve to be catalogued for the instruction of embryo feminine novelists.

I. Tall and well-built.

2. Neither old nor young.

3. In the late thirties.

4. Clean-shaven. (Very important.)

5. Brown close-cut hair.

6. Crisping a little and grey on the temples. (A fortune in that.)

7. Strongly marked features.8. Seen in the light of a match. (Never known to fail.)

9. The tiny red glow of a cigarette.
10. Waxing and waning (in the most tantalising manner.)

Yes, but that is not all. If you are only half in love with Robert Carson so far, how

does this strike you?

"For women, in contradiction to the experience shown in his face, he seemed to have little regard, and, with all his appreciativeness of charm, he was fundamentally

Who was going to melt him? And how? Would it be a woman already married? And married to the most frightful brute conceivable? And how if the brute discovered-

That's what the race-track people call a flying start.

Princess Amelia. By Carola Oman. (T. Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

In the Footsteps of Livingstone. Edited by John Irving. (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net.)

The Circle of the Stars. By Joan Sutherland. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)



SOLOIST AT THE PROMENADE CONCERT ATTENDED BY THEIR MAJESTIES: MR. ERIC MARSHALL, WHOSE RECITAL TAKES PLACE TO-MORROW, OCT. 23.

Mr. Eric Marshall, the well-known English operatic singer, whose work with the British National Opera and the whose work with the British National Opera and the Beecham Opera gained so much appreciation, was one of the two soloists at the Promenade Concert last week attended by the King and Queen. He is a first-class artist, and his concert to morrow evening, Oct. 23, at the Wigmore Hall, is likely to draw a big audience. His programme will include songs by Schumann, Tchaikovsky, Hahn, and arias from Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" and Leon-cavallo's "Zaza."

Britain's Best Golfers.

By R. Endersby Howard.





Events of the past few Wonderful Wonderful weeks have done much to settle the question as to who are the leading British golfers of 1924, and no fact has emerged so clearly as the supremacy of Miss Joyce Wethered among lady players. Indeed, it can surely now be said without qualification that never has her sex produced a golfer like her. I happen to have been present at the majority of ladies' championships since 1898. There were some great players in the era which began at about that time—the era of Miss May Hezlet and Miss Rhona Adair-but there was not one who could hit the ball like the present champion. In this instance, com-parison need not be in the least degree invidious. Miss Wethered is the kind of golfer who arises only once in several generations. In the ease and grace with which she accomplishes every shot-controlling the flight of the ball perfectly and hitting it as far as is necessary without any apparent effort -she reminds me of nobody so much as Harry Vardon at his best, a quarter of a century ago. Her only equal in this respect among modern golfers is Mr. Bobbie Jones, the American champion.

A Changed Miss Leitch.

A Changed Miss Leitch.

recent English championship at Cooden Beach was in many ways the most instructive result that has ever attended a meeting of these successive leaders of their generations. It was so because, except for her putting, Miss Leitch played better than ever I have seen her play. There was no halving or winning holes by making recoveries of wondrous physical splendour from the long grass. The impression was borne in upon the mind that, during a

five months' preparation for this match—a match which offered her a last opportunity of aveng-ing her two defeats by Miss Wethered early in the year-Miss Leitch must have analysed and reorganised her methods. The old, quick back-swing, which served her well when she was full of confidence and conquest, had given place to an up-swing of easy pace-as rhythmic and as steady as Edward Ray's. Her iron shots were struck better than ever; they were more cleanly hit in the sense that she did not take such big divots as in former days. In short, she depended more upon her artistry and less upon her strength than she used to do. She was the finer golfer for it, and yet she lost heavily.

High Pressure and Missed Putts.

Was only on the greens—indeed, only within a yard and a half of the hole—that Miss Leitch came to

grief: but the truth of the matter

seemed to be that she putted just about as well as Miss Wethered would allow her to putt. That is to say, Miss Wethered was so constantly making herself secure by playing a splendid shot up to the green, or getting down a putt of two yards, that the strain of fighting to keep on terms was

imposed continuously on Miss Leitch. And the strain told most heavily, as it usually does in such circumstances, in the nerveracking business of trying to hole missable putts. Miss Wethered has the rare gift of being able to produce her best form without taking everything out of herself. Like Mr.



WITH HER PARTNER, MISS FOWLER: MRS. HURD, THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, WHO WAS FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL, THE CHAMPION OF 1909 AND 1911 (LEFT).

Great interest was roused by the fact that Mrs. Hurd, the American champion, played in the "Eve" Ladies' Foursomes at Ranelagh. She was formerly Miss Dorothy Campbell, winner of the ladies' championship in 1909 and 1911, and the American ladies' championship in 1909 and 1910, and, to use a Transatlantic phrase, she has "staged a wonderful comeback" by winning the American championship again this year at Providence. She and her partner were defeated by Mrs. Macbeth and Miss Chambers.

and there is very little doubt that Miss Wethered could provide it by playing in the United States ladies' championship. Golf, however, is so essentially her amusement rather than her life-work, that there seems little chance that she will go so far in quest of success.

One Break
Away from
Club Golf.

In men's amateur golf, two
British players have lifted
themselves clear of their
fellows this season—namely,

Sir Ernest Holderness and Mr. Cyril Tolley. The former was Mr. Ernest Holderness when, at St. Andrew's, in May, he won the amateur championship, and since the death of his father and his succession to the title he has played very little. Indeed, he never does play much, except at week-ends and during holidays; but that he has not lost his form he showed at the autumn meeting of the Walton Heath Club the other day, when, with a score of 77, he tied for the gold scratch medal. Of all the people who have risen to fame on the links, none has remained so much at heart a club golfer as Sir Ernest Holderness. Apart from the amateur championship, I cannot recollect any open event in which he has taken part this season. In his steadiness of swing and consistency in keeping down the middle of the course, he is probably the nearest approach among modern amateurs to that former school which believed in safety before big hitting, albeit he hits the ball very nearly as far as the longest drivers.

Excellence at Home and Abroad. Mr. Tolley is unquestionably a much-improved golfer. His control of the ball has been more marked

this year than ever in the past—mainly because his swing has been steadier without losing any of its majesty; and if there was one man who might have beaten Sir Ernest Holderness if they had come to grips, that man was Mr. Tolley. He was the victim of a freak of fortune on that

occasion, for he played brilliantly in match after match, and in the fifth round had a score of one under fours at the sixteenth hole, which was about his average for the week, and yet he was defeated on that green by Mr. D. H. Kyle, who had a score of four under fours-and who disappeared from the competition in the next round. Mr. Tolley's victory over Walter Hagen in the French open championship, and over Mr. Max Marston, the U.S. amateur champion, in the match between Britain and America, were sufficient supplements to his play at St. Andrews to mark him as one of the outstanding personages of the season.

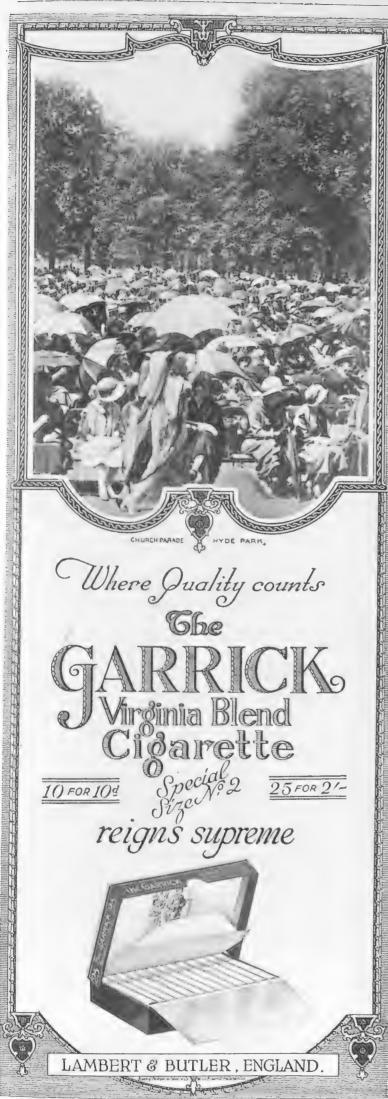


A SUGGESTION FOR A GOLFING STATUETTE! MRS. SLEE, PLAYING IN THE "EVE" LADIES' FOURSOMES AT RANELAGH IN THE MORNING MIST. This charming silhouette effect, obtained by taking a snapshot at Ranelagh in the mist of an October morning, suggests a pose for a golfing statuette. It shows Mrs. Slee, who partnered Mrs. Jennings, playing in the "Eve" Ladies' Foursomes at Ranelagh.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

John Ball and Vardon, when they were winning championships, she always looks as though she has a reserve of power up her sleeve which she could bring out if it were necessary. This country stands sorely in need of a victory over American golf, Professionals in the Doldrums.

Ranelagh in e. It shows adies' Four-finishing second in the open championship—a stroke behind the American, Hagen—and winning the £750

the American, Hagen—and winning the £750 tournament. So far as concerns ability, this must be the leanest period that Britain has ever known in professional golf. Possibly the best is Ernest Whitcombe's brother, Charles, who is twenty-eight.













corded silk rib-

bon expresses

this simple

little hat from

Lincoln Ben-

nett's nett's, 40, Piccadilly, W.

************* WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD.

Last week I discussed the autumn mannequin parades Leopardskin and their revelations. To-Velvet. day I am going to describe a few of the very latest creations which I have been privileged to view at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., who hold no official dress show. The first model I saw was a wonderful three-piece suit fashioned in a new material-leopardskin velvet At a distance it is indistinguishable from the real skin, but a closer inspection reveals the soft suppleness of velvet. coat was made entirely of this material, bordered with black-and-white fur, and lined with beech-brown silk poplin. The dress comprised a long tunic of the latter material, edged with the leopardskin velvet over an underskirt matching the coat. Another daring innovation was the trimming of a diaphanous dinner frock of chiffon and lace with monkey fur. Many of the frocks boasted exquisite One evening frock of bead embroidery. beige georgette had a perfectly straight

tunic which merged suddenly into swaying fringes of looped beads shaded from bright gold to a dull copper. Another chef-d'œuvre an afternoon frock of champagne chiffon, had an overskirt of gold net studded with

beads as large as nail-heads! a simple frock of cinnamon georgette weighted by bronze tassels and embroidery was given an effective splash of colour by a cluster of vivid scarlet tulips on the left hip, carried out in soft feather plumage. 0000

Two more attractive models which must be placed to the credit of Lincoln Bennett's. Grey felt trimmed with loops of ribbon makes the one above, and

beech-brown manchon the one on the left. Mannequins wearing cap-A Parade tivating pyjamas and linof Lovely gerie were included in the

Lingerie. Lingerie. recent dress parade at Thresher's, 5, Conduit Street, W, the wellknown outfitters for India and the tropics. One frivolous pyjama suit with a dressinggown to match had the loose jumper of gaily printed crêpe-de-Chine, while trousers were carried out in white with frillings of the former material running down each side. A cosy dressing-gown, which was exceedingly effective, was carried out in black-quilted satin worked with multi-coloured cross-stitch embroidery. Mrs. Ivor Back, the wife of a well-known London surgeon, was one of the mannequins, and appeared first in a gracefully draped rest-gown of fuchsia velvet edged with white swansdown, and later in a well-cut coat-frock of rouge velour trimmed with grey astrachanan ideal frock for chilly autumn days. gowns, tailored suits, and afternoon frocksevery item, in fact, of a well-dressed woman's outfit for at home and abroad - were

displayed in the parade, and after tea we were allowed to enter

a delightful inner sanctum where we discovered hats innumerable. Charming little shapes in hatter's plush and (the latter only 25s, each) vied with fascinating children's hats worked in an effective broderie anglaise design.

> Small Hats for Except in the realm of sport, the ubiquitous cloche Town and hat of last year is dead, Country. but from its ashes have risen several new and attractive variations. Pictured on this page, for instance, are a trio typical of the latest modes. They were

> 40, Piccasketched at Lincoln Bennett's, dilly, W .- a fact which at once guarantees their excellence. the centre is a grey felt boasting the new high crown, trimmed with tall, upstanding loops of ribbon. Above is another felt, fashionable cinnamon in the nuance, trimmed with corded silk ribbon. The third is a chic affair in brown manchon, which relies for effect entirely upon the striking line of the brim. I need hardly add that these are but representative of the hundreds of distinctive hats obtainable at Lincoln Bennett's. For sports wear they are introducing featherweight affairs of stitched waterproof silk in soft grey or brown,

> with a gay chou of ribbon in front; and soft felts of every description are decorated with a tiny flying duck carried out in brilliant plumage.

"How can one achieve **Sports** perfect freedom of moveand the Slim ment and yet retain the Silhouette. slim, straight silhouette

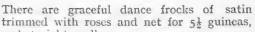
demanded by the fashions of to-day?" is the cry of many sports enthusiasts who cannot reconcile stiff corsets with golf or tennis. problem is a difficult one, for the simple sports suits of silk and wool need above all a slender figure to wear them to advantage. The new reducing girdle, however, sponsored by Thompson Barlow Company, of 14, Regent Street, W. (who will send on application full details to all readers of this paper), is an excellent solution, for it is perfectly supple and conforms to every movement of the wearer. Yet it is so designed that it touches and massages every portion of the surface continuously, smoothing away the fat automatically. Consequently, one actually looks slim while steadily reducing weight-an exceedingly pleasant state of affairs. With the 'aid of this girdle, the delightful knitted outfits which are ideal for all sports can be worn without misgivings by everyone,

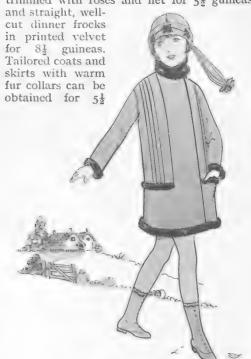
The restricted pockets of Everything for these strenuous days entail the Coming a careful planning of our Season. autumn and winter ward-There is a multitude of happy suggestions to be gleaned from the new illustrated catalogue of Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge S.W., which will be sent free to all who mention the name of this paper. [Continued overi

WAYS. WOMAN'S

By Mabel Howard.

Continued:





A coat of periwinkle blue velour trimmed with black fur, and a tasselled velvet cap adorned with motifs of cable wool, express this cosy outfit from Gorringe's.

MARICE

Rainbow velour in soft heather lints, trimmed with mouflon, expresses this well-cut coat and skirt from Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W.

guineas in velour, and for 4 guineas in the new checked tweeds. As for long wrap-coats, there is an infinite variety at every price ranging from 7 guineas upwards. A useful frock for all occasions made in plaid velveteen, with long sleeves and the fashionable apron front, can be secured for 61 guineas in many colourings.

Coats and Hats for Little People.

The small maidens pictured on this page may well be proud of their cosy au'tumn outfits, which come from Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. Blue velour, pleated from shoulder to pocket, and bound with black fur, makes the little coat on the left; while emerald-green frieze collared and buttoned with beaver coney ex-presses the welltailored affair opposite. The prices are £5 5s. and 63s. 6d. respectively, size 24 inches. In the centre is a cosy outfit in vieuxrose velour trimmed with fur, comprising coat, pantalettes, and cap. The

set complete may be secured for £5 2s. 6d. For indoors, charming little frocks can be obtained for 39s. 6d. (size 24 inches), expressed in velveteen gaily embroidered in wool. Gorringe's have, too, an unmistakable flair for creating irresistible children's hats which are at the same time simple and practical. The little cap pictured on the right, for instance, is one of the newest models. The crown is of black velvet, and the upturned brim of mouflon embroidered with bright woollen flowers. The price is 35s. 9d.; and 45s. 9d. is the cost of the amusing velvet cap on the left, decorated with large motifs of cable wool and a long swinging tassel. Hats in felt, velvet, or any material and colourings can be made to order for children of all ages.

beige plaid, while the coat is made entirely

Striking Suits for the Autumn.

official name of the fascinating new material which expresses the coat and skirt pictured on this page. It is a blending of soft heather tints. The coat and skirt, trimmed with moufion, costs only 6½ guineas at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W., who are also responsible for the distinctive three-piece suit sketched on the right. The frock is of beige suiting with a flaring apron of scarlet and

"Rainbów Velour" is the

of the latter material, trimmed with opossum. Men's suitings are, course, ideal for plain, perfectly tailored coats and skirts, and these may be obtained for 6½ guineas; while for more formal occasions those in the fashionable checked West of England suitings with collars and cuffs of nutria are 121 guineas. Two useful little bookletsone for town and the other for country-

illustrating the newest models will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply

pocket.

ringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., comprising coat, cap, and pantalettes of vieuxrose velour trimmed with fur. mentioning the name of this paper. They include useful outfits at prices to suit every

A cosy little outfit from Gor-

Walking suits that look like New Creations velvet but are in reality in Knitted made of brushed artificial Fabrics.

silk, in lovely colourings, are one of the fascinating novelties to be studied at Jay's, Regent Street, W., whose knitted frocks and suits are invariably perfect. The price of these "velvety" coats and skirts is 12½ guineas. Another remarkable creation, of which I was amazed to find the cost only 5 guineas, was a suit of wool knitted in a new stitch which achieves the effect of corduroy velvet. It was carried out in beaver, with the faintest suspicion of a white stripe running through it; but any colour-scheme is obtainable. Then a lovely frock of gold patterned with roses was fashioned of knitted tinsel embroidered in artificial silk. In dull gold or silver, the frocks are 12½ guineas. Three-piece suits in silk and wool abound in a marvellous diversity of original designs and colourings. One model of wool bouclette was expressed in scarlet, black, and white checks, with a long black coat faced with check; and another comprised a long frock in wool



Proof against the keenest winds is this coat of emerald frieze trimmed with beaver coney, and the quaint little cap of black velvet with a brim of mouflon gay with embroidered woollen flowers.

They hail from Gorringe's.

patterned with artificial silk diamonds, a plain woollen coat coat bound with silk braid, and a long scarf of artificial silk matching the frock. There are also some fascinating hand-knitted jumpers of bouclette, with long ties of plissé crêpede-chine, available for 6½; guineas; while coats to match can be obtained for the same amount.

Novelty of the Week.

Every sports and country enthusiast will revel in the new 'polo sweaters' of pure Scotch wool which can be obtained direct from Scotland for one guinea. Perfectly plain, with very high "turn-over" collars (the latest whim of fashion), they are ideal for wearing with knitted suits or tweeds. Two sizes, 36 inches and 38 inches, are available. To all readers applying to this paper shall be pleased to give the name and address of the firm whence they are obtainable.



A striking three-piece suit which was sketched at Harvey Nichols'. carried out in beige suiting and beige and scarlet plaid.



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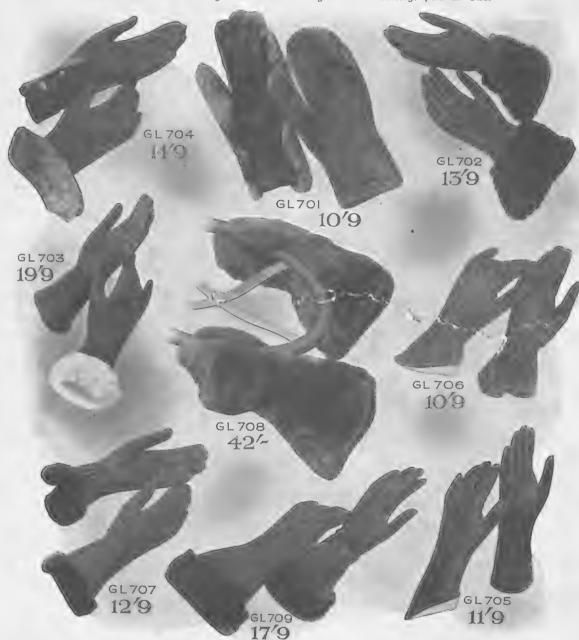


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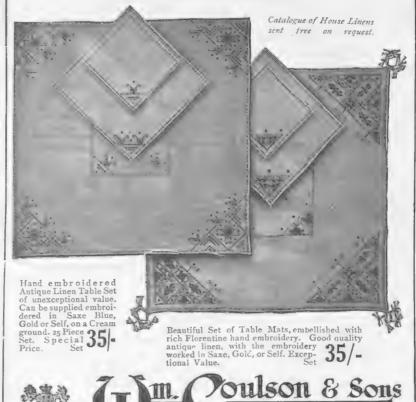
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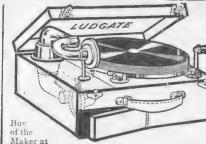
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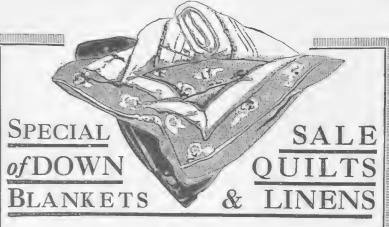
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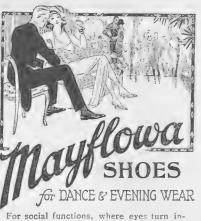
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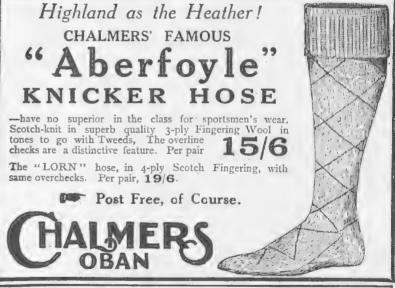
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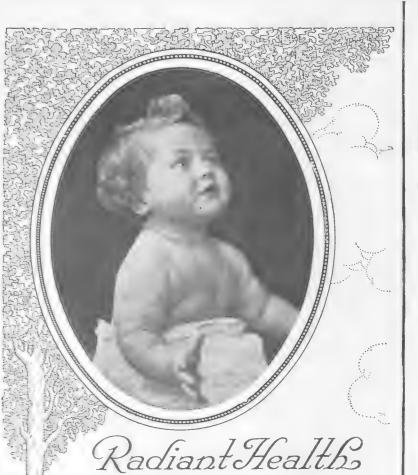
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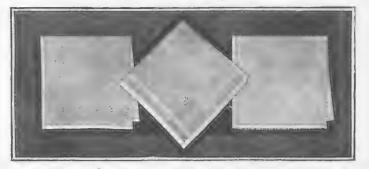
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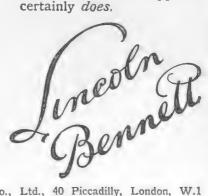


Felt Hat Model No L439 42/-

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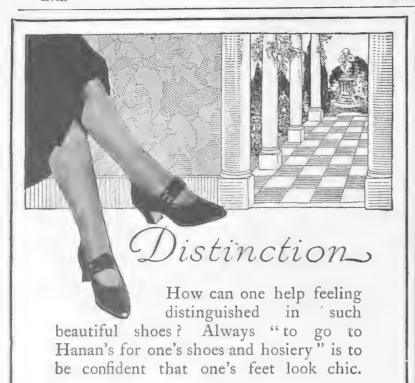
These hats are made in many shades of Grey, Fawn and Brown, and in the New Season's Colours. ality. Some of it true, some of it problematical. The voice may express it—or the mannerism. The apparel certainly does.



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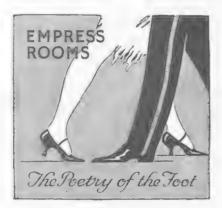
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"Margot." Dainty gown in green chiffon velveteen. The long-waisted bodice is held in position with fitting hip pieces finished with rosettes. The collar and cuffs in fawn corded silk make a charming contrast. In navy, mid blue, brown, mole, black, etc. Price 43/6



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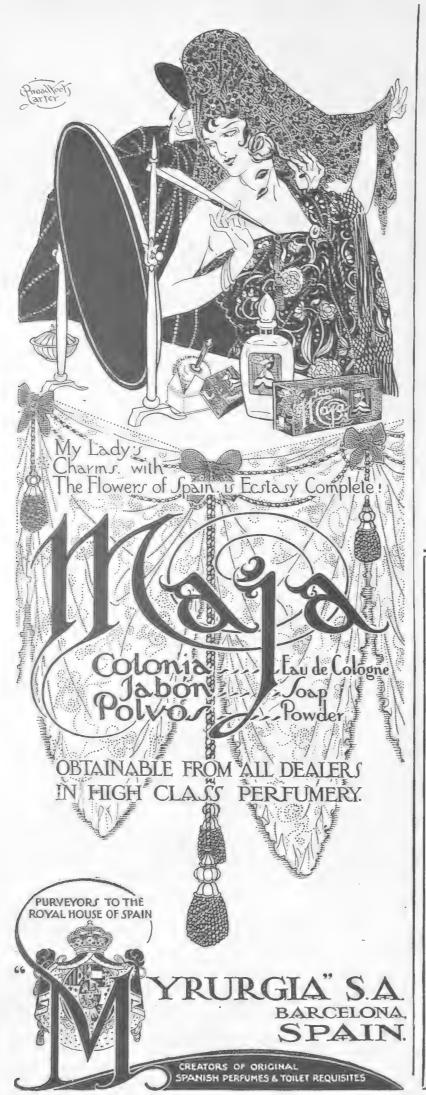
A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approval. —Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches fore their well-known hats can only be obtained to address given below.

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(Not knowing Regent Street very well.) "What part of Regent Street is 306?"

"Why! The upper part; they are building some lovely new shops opposite the Polytechnic, and Mr. Baber has taken two of them."

"Yes! I heard he had left Oxford Street; I wonder why."

"Oh! He's very keen on those wonderful Arch-Preserver shoes, and is the acknowledged best foot fitter in London." ist

"Someone told me he has secured the agency for this particular shoe." 4th

"Yes! I know he has. I bought a pair last week and saw my old fitter there."

"My friend told me that some of his fitters went with him to help in the new business." and "Isn't it a bit of a risk for them to take?"

"I shouldn't think so, judging by the number in the store when I called." ist

"Well, what is there special about him or his shoes?"

ist Guest: "His particular method of fitting—a discovery he made about four years ago—it has proved a great success, especially if you have any foot trouble."

(Slightly deaf.) "What's that you say? Foot trouble? Why, I've suffered for years; tried nearly every shop in London; even had them made, but it's made no difference." 5th

"Well! My friend told me to go and see him. She always walks away in a new pair, and can walk any dis-tance now."

" I don't think he can do anything for me."

"If you ask for Mr. Baber he will soon tell you what sort of shoe you should wear. If he will allow you, get a pair of Four-straps, they look lovely, and oh! so comfortable."

"What did you say the address was?" 5th

"306, Regent Street, right opposite the Polytechnic."

"What did you say, partner? No trumps?"

3rd " Two hearts."

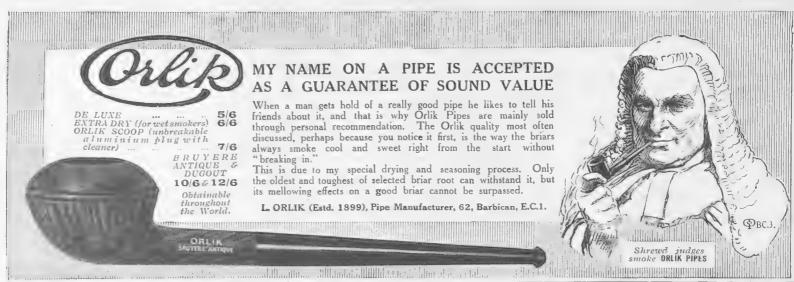
" Two no trumps." 4th

" Double." ıst

"I shall go to-merrow to "-

Revles St. Baber. 304-306, REGENT STREET, W.1

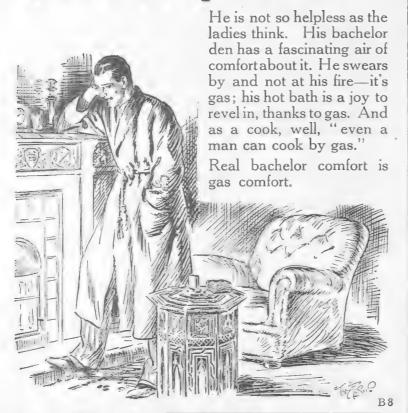
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Horlick's gives mental and physical fitness—Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.



NOVELTIES AT THE EIGHTEENTH INTERNATIONAL MOTOR EXHIBITION ORGANISED BY THE SOCIETY OF MOTOR MANUFACTURERS AND TRADERS IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB (OCT. 17-25).—II,

URING the past week those who have not been to Olympia are certainly behind the fashion, for the world and his wife thronged the aisles so that some of the visitors must have found it difficult to discover the novelties they were looking for. It has been a week of festivities also, as the Institute of the Motor Trade held its dinner last Wednesday at the Holborn, at which they introduced their guaranteed repairs scheme, so that the public should not be unduly charged by the garage and repair man, nor should they be asked to pay for work improperly finished.

PRICED AT £200: THE "STANDARD" 11-H.P. TWO-SEATER COLESHILL.

The Show dinner itself followed on the Thursday; but there is no need to recapitulate what was then said, except to hope that prosperity will be with the industry in the coming twelve months. On Monday last, Sir Herbert Austin and the directors of the Austin Company entertained their agents and a few other prominent motorists at the Connaught Rooms; while Messrs. Dodge Brothers had a similar gathering at the Savoy Hotel. Yesterday (Tuesday) all the Citroën agents heard all about the new steel framework—the latest gadget in body-building—at the Hotel Victoria, where they

were all gathered for luncheon. To-day, Mr. John N. Willys meets all the Overland agents at the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington; while the Swift Company have their soirée at the Savoy this evening. To-morrow, I hope, all their order-books will be filled, as they certainly have received a week's hospitality from the manufacturers, so the least they can do is to repay them by persuading the public to buy as many new cars as possible.

Morris (Stand No. 210). Morris cars in this exhibition, by the luck of the ballot, find themselves on the opposite side of the hall to that which they usually occupy. True, they are adjacent to the dining-room and out of the draught of the old Hammersmith Road entrance of the main hall, so perhaps it has been a change for the better and not for the worse. Front-wheel brakes, low-pressure tyres, a comprehensive insurance policy for twelve months, together with increased service to purchasers, are the additional attractions to the already most deservedly popular British car. The Morris-Cowley two-seater is now down to

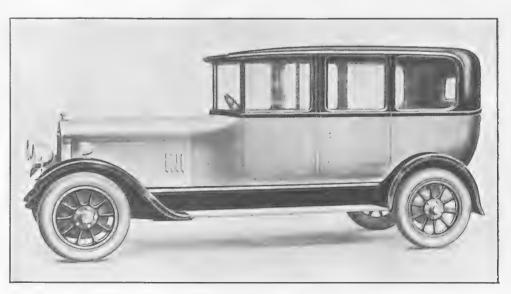
The Morris-Cowley two-seater is now down to £175, and the four-seater to £195; while the 14-28-h.p. Morris-Oxford five-seater is down to £285, and the saloon costs only £100 more. As to accessories, Morris cars are brimming over with them, including Gabriel shock-absorbers and Wefco spring-gaiters. The two-seater is a new model for this season, and it incorporates a very large and comfortable dickey-seat, which has a high back,

to prevent its occupants being subjected to draughts. The wind-screen is now of the two-panel type, and is complete with a wind-screen wiper. As over 12,000 four-seater Morris-Cowleys have been built and sold during the past twelve months, the extra inducements offered to its purchasers, including the balloon tyres and improved side-curtains, to say nothing of the free insurance policy, should largely increase this number in the coming season. How many two-seaters and Morris-Oxfords were sold besides these last season does not matter at the moment; but the additions

made to these two models should bring their sales individually up to those of the four-seater. Whether everybody will wish to have front-wheel brakes, which are at the option of the buyer though costing him nothing, remains to be seen. They are of the Rubery patern, and one of their chief claims to distinction is that they do not affect the steering in any degree if they are applied while a corner is being negotiated. As a matter of fact, the design is such that the operating spindle is set at an angle to the axle, and the universal joint is located at a short distance from the axis of the steering pivot. The spindle slides in a recess formed in the axle. The effect is to relieve the pressure on the outer pair of shoes when a corner is being negotiated, and this relieving action is entirely automatic. In other words, the brake is taken off.

Jowett (Stand No. 40). It becomes almost interesting in this present Olympia show to find a car that has not got four-wheel brakes fitted on it. Visitors to the Jowett light-car stand can find the new model for 1925 with balloon tyres, a nice double screen, and a more roomy rear compartment for two children as the improvements for the coming season. Balloon tyres are charged £6 5s.;

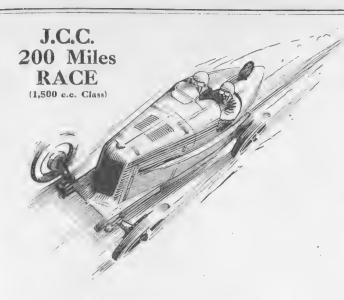
but as the car itself costs only £160 complete, it cannot be styled expensive under any circumstances. The ordinary two-seater model costs only £150; while the long wheel-base pattern, the regular four-seater, complete with electric starter, balloon tyres, and providing full accommodation for four adults, is listed at £186 5s. This has a higher radiator, longer springs, and two feet more body-space than the new "Light Four." There is one thing about Jowett cars which is in their favour—they are built of English timber throughout for their coachwork, with leather upholstery, and metal-framed side-



AN EXCELLENT SALOON LIMOUSINE: THE 24-55-H.P. WOLSELEY.

curtains, opening with the doors. The horizontally opposed two-cylinder engine, with its battery-and-coil ignition, Zenith carburetter, three forward speeds in the gear-box, and right-hand gate change, has shown itself a sturdy, reliable power unit in all the strenuous trials during the past season, both in private owners' hands and in trade riders'.

[Continued overleaf.]



A Sweeping Victory

FIRST. SECOND

Average speed 102.27 miles per hour. Only two seconds separated the three Darracq cars at the finish.

During the race many WORLD'S RECORDS were created by the DARRACQ.

The Darracq Racers were equipped with Rapson Tyres, K.L.G. Plugs, Hartford Shock Absorbers, Moseley Air Cushions, Solex Carburetters and used Shell Spirit and Castrol.

Previous Darracq Victories in this Race: 1921-1st., 2nd. and 3rd. 1922-1st. and 3rd.

Olympia, Stand 126.

12/32 h.p. Touring Model, fully equipped, including Comfort Tyres and four-wheel £425

12 h.p. "Cloverleaf" Sports . £495 12 h.p. 4-Seater Sports -- £550

DARRACQ MOTOR ENGINEERING CO., LTD., 177, The Vale, Acton, London, W.3 Telegrams: "Darracqs, Act, London."

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RAISED AND LOWERED WITHOUT RISING FROM SEAT.

Let us interest you as we have interested the motoring experts Call at Stand 128 and ask us to demonstrate.

Exhibit:

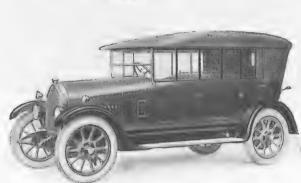
15/40 H.P. SALOON-LANDAULETTE £845 15/40 H.P. 5-SEATED TOURER £630 12/25 H.P. 3-DOOR SALOON £555 12/25 H.P. TOURING MODEL £440 8/18 H.P. 3-SEATER SALOON £290 8/18 H.P. 2/3 SEATER

Dunlop Tyres fitted to all models.

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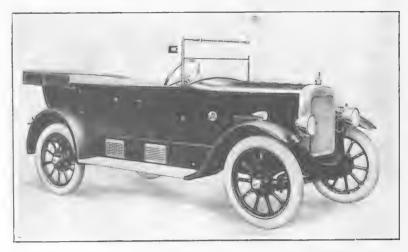
City Showrooms: 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1. West End Showrooms and Export Branch Office: Humber House, 94, New Bond Street, W.1. Service Depot: Canterbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.6.



12-25 H.P. Tourer, showing All-weather Equipment.

Swift (Stand No. 127).

Swift model has but few modifications in details, as regards its general design, of the past season. This is one of the small cars that have grown bigger during the past twelve months, as the wheel-



PRICED AT £270: THE OVERLAND DE LUXE TOURING CAR.

base is nine inches longer, so that a four-seated body with three doors can be carried to give comfort to the passengers, displacing that horrible abortion styled the "chummy" type, which is gone, let

The all-weather equip us hope, for ever, ment includes the Calso hood, which is the best one-man hood in the market to-day, sans peur et sans reproche. Detachable celluloid side-panels are provided, and they are carried easily into position, and as easily removed when required, as well as opening with the doors. Another feature which should be noted, especially by ladies, is that the running-boards have been brought much nearer to the ground, so that the passenger has only a low step to take to enter or leave the car. Messrs. Swift of Coventry, Ltd., are to be congratulated upon having so quickly followed the lead laid down by the Queen, when the new Royal Daimlers were built to her requirements this year. At the moment, beyond these two makes, the motor manufacturer seems not to have grasped this muchneeded improvement. The springing has been slightly altered in order to carry the extra weight of the four-seated body, while Hartford shock-absorbers have been fitted. one on each side of the rear axle, and a compound one fixed on the centre of the front cross-member, with an arm running out towards each end of the front axle.

Five lamps are fitted instead of the three of the old model, and low-pressure Dunlop tyres cover the wheels. Electricians will note with pleasure the employment of the B.L.I.C. magneto, which has rotating magnets instead of stationary ones. The armature, being stationary, enables far greater provision for its insulation to be made, with consequent less chance of trouble to the user. The full range of Swift models, the 12-h.p. and the new 18-h.p. with frontwheel brakes, is staged on the stand, but exigencies of space preclude further description.

Delage (Stand No. 172). Though the chief Delage stand is in the main central aisle near the Addison Road entrance, the only two six-cylinder Delage cars to be seen at Olympia are in the coachbuilders' section in the old Annexe of the main hall. One of these is on Stand No. 118, of Messrs. Beadles, of Dartford, and the other on Stand No. 162, of Melhuish, the coachbuilders, of Camden Town. The former is a saloon-landaulette, and the latter an interior-drive saloon, both being mounted on the 40-50-h.p. six-cylinder Delage chassis. They are to the order of the London and Parisian Motor Company, Ltd., of 87, Davies Street, W.I, who have been Delage agents for the past eighteen years. On the Delage stand itself in the main hall are examples of the 14-h.p. Delage with its front-wheel brakes and four-speed gear-box—one of the most popular of the medium-sized light cars in France. There are also both four-seater and three-seater sports models, whose special-shape rearwings and front wings, with their widely splayed angle, give a distinctive appearance to these high-class vehicles. A revolution-counter is fitted on the facia board (an addition to the usual touring-car instruments), while the spare wheel—is carried at the

rear with bracket and dummy hab. V-shaped wind-screens are fitted, and the stream-line contour of the coachwork, together with the boat-shaped body with its mahogany deck, give the impression to the beholder of a fast torpedo boat for the road. Both open and enclosed bodies are shown on the standard chassis, the semi-sports type being provided with two spare wheels in place of the single one on the touring model.

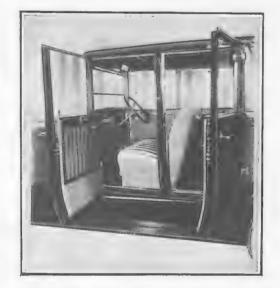
Horstman (Stand No. 220). Low first cost and economical running, together with dignity of appearance and comfort to the passenger, are the claims of the Horstman 12-30-h.p. cars staged at Olympia. This is one of the few designs that offer to their patrons a choice of an electric or mechanical starter for the engine. As the four-seater costs only £325, with its complete equipment, it certainly is a moderate-priced vehicle. A speedometer, dash-board clock, dash lamp, oil-indicator, lighting switchboard, license-holder, petrol-can carrier, electric motor-driven horn, bulb horn, and a complete tool kit are comprised in its standard fittings. The coachwork interior and footboards are lined with pile carpet, though rubber may be had on the footboards. The Horstman super-sports model, costing £500, is also staged. This is the car that has done well at Brooklands during the past season, and in many hill-climbing competitions. Its turn of speed has induced its makers, Horstman Cars, Ltd., of Bath, to take for its slogan, "the car that passes you"—that is, on the road, as I am sure many will stop to inspect the contents of this stand with interest at Olympia.

B.P. Motor Spirit. During the past season the British Petroleum Company, Ltd., the distributors of B.P. Motor Spirit, have been particularly successful in supplying the fuel to a large number of winners of the races on the Brooklands Motor

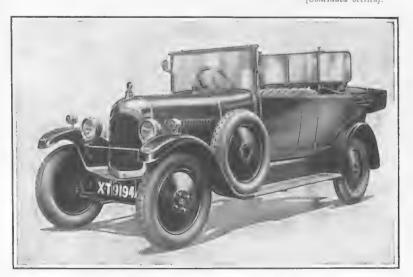
Track. Since 1906, when this motordrome was first opened, Brooklands has been a sure guide to the value of the various motor vehicles and the components used and fitted upon them in high-speed events. This has induced the publicity department of B.P. to produce a small pamphlet on Brooklands, which they entitle "A Tale of Motoring Achievement." This is interesting not only for the information it gives of events during the life of the track, but also as to the value of the right fuel in helping to produce records of speed and endurance for the modern motor-car and motor-cycle. As it is distributed free to those interested in these matters, it is well worth sending a postcard to Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2, to obtain it.

Citroën (Stand No. 23). Situated in the new hall, the visitor to Olympia will find the Citroën stand filled with cars at reduced prices, notwithstanding added equipment. In the first place, the 7.5-h.p. two-seater is reduced from £160 to £145, although this model is built on the lines of a big car, with four-cylinder water-cooled engine, electric

starting and lighting, differential, magneto ignition, five wheels, and five Michelin comfort tyres. The equipment is increased by the addition of a speedometer, wind-screen wiper, driving mirror, and license-holder. This extra equipment is also standard on the



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20-40 h.p. 8-cylinder (straight) Saloon, £1,050

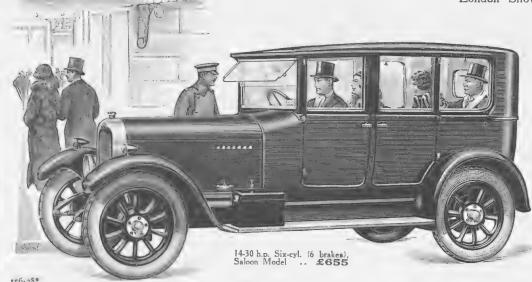
Visit our Stand No. 101, at Olympia, October 17th 25th, and inspect the following models: 20-40 h.p., 8-cyl (straight) Saloon.

14-30 h.p., 6-cyl. Saloon.

14-30 h.p., 6 - cyl., 4 - sealer Touring.

10-20 h.p., 4 - cyl., 2 - sealer Touring.

THE

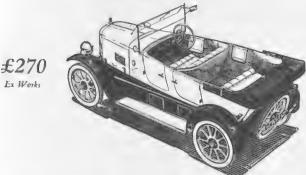


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5-Seater de Luxe and 2/3-Seater de Luxe £270 fitted with BALLOON TYRES.

Landaulette - - - - £415

*5-Seater Touring Car - - £165

*4-door Sedan - - - - £285

*Magneto Ignition Lio extra.

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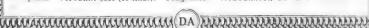
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A CAT can always see in the dark. Give
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Whatever may happen to your electric lighting
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Olympia October 17th—25th, Stand No. 287.

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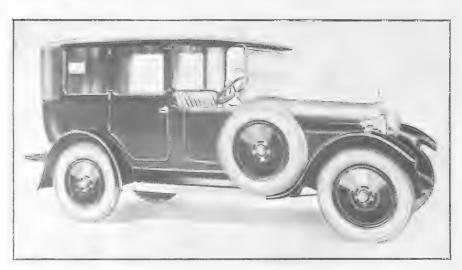
three-seater and coupé 7.5-h.p. model. Probably the most successful of all the Citroën cars has been the 11.4-h.p. four-seater with English-built coachwork, which is now reduced from £270 to £250. Besides the additional equipment similar to the smaller car, this

one has added to it a Boyce motormeter, petrol-gauge, folding rear wind-screen, and Tecalemit chassis lubrica-The saloon car also staged has been reduced to £295 from its former price of £335. It seats four in comfort, is upholstered throughout in Bedford cord, with doors panelled in mahogany, has interior lighting, and separate adjustable front seats. Low-pressure tyres are standard on all models, and politicians might note that since the removal of the McKenna duties the factory output has increased until it now reaches 300 cars per day, which is something like a record for Europe.

Dodge (Stand No. 92).

Detachable and washable leather upholstery is one of the features of the five-seater travellers' saloon car on the Dodge chassis, which remains practically identical with the one that has been in use during 1924. It is in the bodywork that the improvement in Dodge cars will be seen, together with the comprehensive equipment which is supplied at the inclusive price. This 17-24-h.p. vehicle has four doors, a sun and rain guard, besides the usual glass wind-screen with its wiper, and

an exhaust heater in the floor of the carriage in order to-make it more comfortable during the winter months. This is listed at £395. The five-seater touring car costs only £325, though the models staged with an English body have balloon tyres, electric screen-



AS SHOWN AT OLYMPIA: THE DODGE SPECIAL LANDAULETTE.

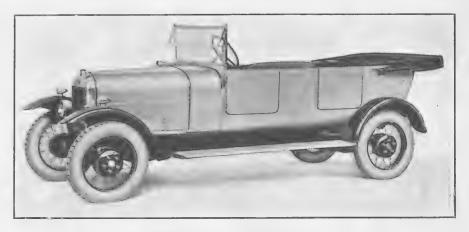
wiper, driving-mirror, license-holder, special adjustable rear wind-screen, all-weather hood and rigid side-curtains, luggage-grid, eight-day clock, and full equipment in the form of tools, etc., with oil-retaining spring-gaiters, and cost £395. Dodge cars can be obtained both as landaulettes and five-seater saloons, as the chassis

is capable of giving room for full-sized coachwork. The landaulette seats seven persons, and the upholstery is of a more luxurious character than the ordinary touring car, though no complaint can be made of the latter's serviceable seat-covering. The side-by-side valve engine has always proved to be a reliable motor in the past, and there is no reason to doubt that it will continue to be so in the future with its improved coachwork to carry.

The only alteration in the Bentley Bentley models is that the short sports (Stand No. 221). Chassis engine has now two carburetters to feed the "three-litre" four cylinders in place of the single carburetter on the ordinary touring models. The standard long wheel-base models are (Stand No. 221). staged with very handsome coachwork, and the one fitted with the Weymann saloon shows how great an improvement has been made in this new light type of body-building since it was shown at this exhibition last year. The speed model is on the short wheel-base, and remains unaltered in price; neither has the cost of the standard model been changed. Bentley cars have so firmly taken their place in the world's motor

market during the past four years that they are familiar not only to the public who buy them, but also to the still larger number who would like to own them if they could afford the cost of the standard model, which is £1225, and well worth the money for those who desire a magnificent speedy car to carry them about.

Owing to the reconstruction of the Alvis Car Alvis. Olympia Motor Exhibition; but the cars can be seen at Messrs. Henly's, in Great Portland Street. They are among the new cars



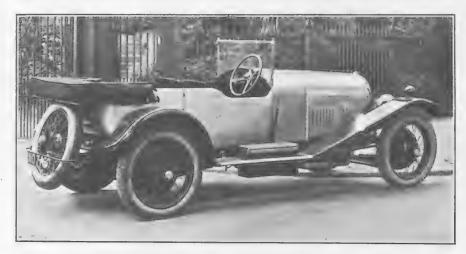
THE FOUR-SEATER OPEN TOURER MODEL: THE G.W.K.

that have done extremely well in all competition work during the past season. Front-wheel brakes are optional on all models, including the 12-40-h.p. standard side-valve engine chassis, and on the 12-50-h.p. overhead-valve sports chassis. The standard model

has been increased in price from £397 to £430, but it incorporates special fittings and characteristics which used to be charged for at an enhanced price on the older de luxe model. The coachwork also is better, and Dunlop low-pressure tyres are offered as optional, without increase of price, except on the 12-50 super sports two-seater model (which costs £550), as they are not suitable for that particularly fast car. Hartford shockabsorbers are standard to all 1925 Alvis models, while £20 extra is charged for fitting the front-wheel brakes.

Concurrent with the opening of Lancia Olympia, the Curtis Automobile (Stand No. 60). Company, Ltd., formally inaugurated their entry into their new works and show-rooms at Park Royal. Here there is an exhibition of Lancia coaches and motor-'buses occupying upwards of a thousand square yards' space, besides the new executive and staff offices, all due to the popularity of the Lancia Lambda model during the past season, which has grown to such an extent that this firm had to find larger premises in order to give best service to their clients. The mises in order to give best service to their clients. Lancia models exhibited at Olympia include the famous four-cylinder 14-60-h.p., fitted with torpedo and a saloon body, as well as the 28-80-h.p. eight-cylinder Lancia, exhibited with a four-door saloon coachwork, built on the Weymann

principle by Messrs. H. J. Mulliner and Co., Ltd. With its grey-and-black fabric exterior, grey leather upholstery, complete accessories, and luggage-grid, this carriage costs, as shown, £1475, which is quite a low price for such a powerful eight-cylinder car with



WITH STANDARD SPEED-MODEL CHASSIS AND TWIN CARBURETTERS: THE BENTLEY THREE-LITRE CAR.

an enclosed type of body. Pirelli cable tyres and two spare wheels are carried, with Hartford shock-absorbers on back and front axles. Of course, it has front-wheel brakes, and the usual Bosch magneto ignition of most Italian cars, though a twin triplediffuser Zenith carburetter supplies the gas mixture to its eight-

Cancheste AT OLYMPIA

LYMPIA has nothing better to offer you than Lanchester Cars. Examples of latest types of both 40 h.p. and 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Machines are exhibited, embodying amongst many other features of absorbing interest, the LANCHESTER PATENTED FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES, which are fitted to both models. It is the SIMPLEST AND SAFEST method of Four-wheel Braking yet devised. We shall be pleased to give you every information and arrange a trial run at your convenience. Make a definite note of

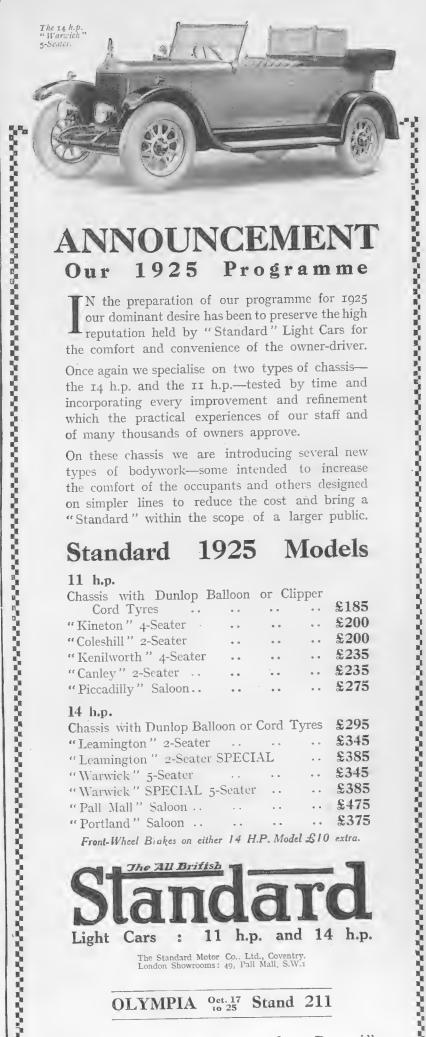
STAND



21 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester Chassis.

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY, LTD., 88, Deansgate, 95, New Bond Street, Armourer Mills. Birmingham. London, W. Manchester.





ANNOUNCEMEN Our 1925 Programme

N the preparation of our programme for 1925 our dominant desire has been to preserve the high reputation held by "Standard" Light Cars for the comfort and convenience of the owner-driver.

Once again we specialise on two types of chassisthe 14 h.p. and the 11 h.p.—tested by time and incorporating every improvement and refinement which the practical experiences of our staff and of many thousands of owners approve.

On these chassis we are introducing several new types of bodywork—some intended to increase the comfort of the occupants and others designed on simpler lines to reduce the cost and bring a "Standard" within the scope of a larger public.

Standard 1925 Models

11 h.p.				
Chassis with Dunlop Bal	loon	or Clip	per	
Cord Tyres				£185
"Kineton" 4-Seater				£200
"Coleshill" 2-Seater				£200
"Kenilworth" 4-Seater				£235
"Canley" 2-Seater				£235
"Piccadilly" Saloon				£275
14 h.p.				
Chassis with Dunlop Balloo	n or C	Cord Ty	res	£295
"Leamington" 2-Seater				£345
"Leamington" 2-Seater Sl				£385
"Warwick" 5-Seater				£345
"Warwick" SPECIAL 5-S	eater			£385
"Pall Mall" Saloon				£475
				£375
Front-Wheel Brakes on either	14 H.	P. Model	£10	extra.

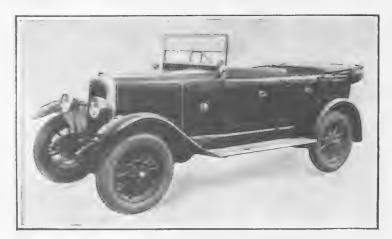
: 11 h.p. and 14 h.p. Light Cars

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry, London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1

OLYMPIA Oct. 17 Stand 211

"Count them on the Road."

cylinder engine. The four-cylinder 14-60-h.p. maintains its apparently low build, though its ground clearance is equal to most of the cars exhibited in the show. Internal expanding brakes on all four wheels, detachable wire wheels, and Hartford shock-absorbers are included in its equipment. Its price complete, as shown, is £675.



£325: THE 12-20-H.P. CALTHORPE FOUR-SEATER.

Calthorpe (Stand No. 86).

Mr. G. W. Hands, who founded the original Calthorpe Company twenty-two years ago, is now back as managing director of this firm. The new programme includes three moderate-priced models for 1925, the smaller to be known as the 10-20-h.p.; and the cars are priced at £235 both for two and four-seaters, as staged. Rated at 9.8-h.p., with side-by-side valves, coil and battery ignition, forced-feed lubrication, and an enclosed propeller-shaft, it follows the lines of generally accepted practice. The 12-20-h.p. model is practically the same as the 1924 Calthorpe of that rating, only minor modifications having been made. Low-pressure tyres are standardised, and the price of the four-seater is £325, though a four-door saloon body is staged, costing £400. Two models of the 15-45-h.p. six-cylinder Calthorpe are also available for the motoring public, the open four-seater costing £395, and the four-door saloon, £475. Four-wheel brakes on drums of 12 in. diameter

and low-pressure tyres are part of its standard equipment. Owner-drivers, therefore, are particularly well catered for by these new Calthorpe cars, both in price, style of coachwork, and varying powers.

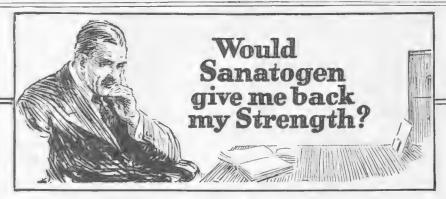
Hotchkiss (Stand No. 97).

The 15'9-h.p. chassis, the new Hotchkiss model, is listed at £395, or, complete with English or French coachwork, fully equipped and ready for the road, at £575, on the stand occupied by the London and Parisian Motor Company, Ltd., the sole concessionaires for Hotchkiss cars in this country. During the past twelve months, Hotchkiss cars have had a long series of successes in famous European competitions. They won the Gaillon hill-climb last October twelve-month at a speed of fifty miles an hour up the hill; in March last they won the Riviera contest up the La Turbie hill, climbing at a speed averaging 68 kilometres per hour, beating all previous records. Later in that month they established a new record of 71 kilometres up the Argenteuill hill, and made



£555: THE 12-25-H.P. HUMBER THREE-QUARTER COUPÉ.

the best time for all touring cars in all categories at the Course de Château-Thierry in April. Not satisfied with this, they won the Akouette hill-climb in May, and the Course Toulle Nancy on May 18, averaging 109 kilometres per hour. Their final exploit [Continued overlan].



Over 24,000 Physicians have answered - Yes!

One and all of these medical men would tell you that Sanatogen will revitalize you and those dear to you.

They have, each of them, written us, how in case after case, they have watched Sanatogen surely and steadily rebuilding impoverished nerve cells, enriching the blood, restoring normal digestion and uplifting and reinforcing the entire system.

Follow their advice.

The British Medical Journal supports this medical testimony when it writes:

"Sanatogen is not only popular with the public, but is freely prescribed by medical men, as being of distinct value in cases of malnutrition, and more especially in dealing with neurasthenia."

And The Lancet writes:

"There is abundant evidence of the value of Sanatogen as a restorative and food, and more particularly in cases of general debility."

SANATOGEN The True Tonic-Food.

Start taking it to-day!

GENATOSAN LIMITED, LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Trojan Can You Afford to walk?

The answer, after you have seen the TROJAN solidtyred Car at Olympia, Stand 219, we leave to you.

The TROJAN is, in every Sense, a Utility Car—anybody can drive it—Solid Tyres, therefore punctures or other tyre troubles impossible—Wonder-Springs, absolute comfort—the Engine primed and mechanically started from the driver's seat—reserve petrol device—a host of ingenious simplicities—examine these for yourselves.





At OLYMPIA Stand 14 An Owner writes:—"After much consideration and examination of what I considered the World's best Cars I decided on a 27 h.p. Six-Cylinder Packard, and have just completed a tour in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales without any trouble, confirming my opinion that the Car is very well sprung, very smooth running, very flexible and economical. My wife—who finds it very easy to handle—drove up White Hill, Henley, with 4 up on top speed without any rush at bottom. I would advise intending purchasers to test the Packard as I did, and may say a British Manufacturer after a run with me told me he did not realise there was such a Car on the Market. I consider the Six-Cylinder excellent value." Sole Concessionaires— THE W. C. GAUNT COMPANY, London Showrooms: 198, Piccadilly, W.1. Works and Service Station: Hendon, N.W. LEONARD WILLIAMS, General Manager. Cars taken in Part Exchange.



for the season was coming in first, making best time for touring cars in all categories, at the Ballon d'Alsace hill-climb in early July. Having proved its reliability in these road contests, and speed in the hill-climbs, the new Hotchkiss 15.9 should find admirers at its new price in this country as well as in France. It is certainly the lowest-priced high-class car turned out by oldestablished French factories.

It seems somewhat strange that such a well-known firm of motor dealers as the Car Mart, Ltd., should only be able to Car Mart (Stand No. 72). exhibit their Lane jacks at Olympia, and no motor-cars, owing to the smallness of the space allotted to them. At any rate, this Lane handle-controlled jack is on an entirely different principle from the usual type of lifter, so that, at any rate, it is a novelty. is operated entirely from the end of a three-foot handle, enabling the user to work in comfort and cleanliness. For raising, the handle is pushed right into the socket; for lowering, a jerk of the wrist causes the handle to move outwards, an up-and-down movement of the handle being used in both cases. A small catch prevents the handle from becoming disconnected from the jack while in use, and the handle itself packs into a small space on the car, being jointed in the middle. It is made entirely of steel pressings, so is very strong and will stand rough usage. As low-pressure tyres require a higher lift and lower jacks, the usual standard jack owned by motorists is insufficient for comfortable use with this type of tyre, so motorists throughout the country will pay more attention to the new models of car-lifters at Olympia, both on the ground floor and in the gallery, than in previous motor shows.

A full range of Bal-lon-ette tyres and tubes, Bal-lon-ette together with wheels to carry them, is (Stand No. 454). exhibited in the gallery by the Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd., of which Mr. Thomas Warwick is (Stand No. 454). the managing director. It is to the credit of Mr. Warwick and his firm that motorists were able, during the past season, to fit lowpressure tyres to small cars at low cost to themselves, owing to his providing at a mere nominal charge the new wheels to carry them. Practically this company pioneered the low-pressure tyre in the United Kindom, and their Bal-lon-ette tyres have grown in popularity by reason of their foresight. The particular feature of the Bal-lon-ette tube is that it is moulded to shape, and is therefore a perfectly smooth fit in the cover, when slightly inflated, and entitled for the cover of the c tirely free from small corrugations, as is the case with tubes moulded

on the straight and afterwards joined at the ends. This circular method of moulding eliminates the risk of nipping tubes. stand also exhibits the Bal-lon-ette jack for low-pressure-tyred light cars, also car mats, pressure-gauges, pumps, radiator and car washing hose, besides the full range of covers and wheels.

Lodge Plugs (Stand No. 426, On the Lodge Company's stand are shown their well-known standard sparking plugs,

(Stand No. 426, Gallery). and a range of plugs for every purpose. There is a sports model for high-efficiency engines, which was the plug that helped to win the International Motor Boat Race at Torquay, besides numerous motor-car events. There is the weatherproof plug for cases where it is desired to insulate completely the high-tension metal parts. These makers have devoted a great deal of attention to the production of sparking plugs for American engines, and on the stand are designs suitable for every Canadian and U.S.A. car sold in England, including the new Lodge plug for Ford cars. Miniature plugs, which are as reliable for full-sized engines as the standard type, are also staged, as well as the well-known priming plug. This latter type has been re-designed, and a new model, exhibited for the first time at Olympia, will interest those whose engines start with difficulty in cold weather.

Cunard Coachwork Besides the examples of Cunard coachwork work on the Napier stand in the main hall, (Stand No. 150.) this firm of body-builders occupies a staging in the coachbuilders' section. A special feature of Cunard bodies is the aluminium panelling, which is acetylene-welded at all joints, rendering the bodies durable in the highest degree. Specialising in high-grade coachwork, the Cunard Company stage a sevenseated landaulette body on a Napier chassis, which has some distinctive features besides its colouring in a shade of blue. The window behind the driver is made to lower in two halves. The window behind the driver is made to lower in two halves. second carriage staged is an enclosed limousine, of which the main seat, very deep and comfortable, accommodates two people. The extra seats are fitted with arm-rests, and, when not required, fold up flush into the partition behind the driver. On both cars, there is ample tool, luggage, and spare-wheel accommodation.

Messrs. Hooper and Co., Coachbuilders, Ltd., Hooper Coachwork exhibit on their stand in the coachbuilders section one of the latest types of 30-35-h.p. (Stand No. 191). six-cylinder Daimler cars (with its steel sleeve valve in place of cast iron for the engine)—an enclosed landaulette with a glass division



which is <u>more</u> than skin deep

THE SWIFT CAR is a quality production in every detail of its chassis, as well as in its obviously superior coachwork. Mechanically it is subjected to the most rigorous standards of material and workmanship, a policy by which the Swift owner benefits in practical service and enhanced value.



STAND 419, MOTOR SHOW, OLYMPIA.



It is not what a battery costs to buy that matters, but what it costs to use.

EXIDE first cost is now as low as any, and long life, with freedom from repairs, makes the ultimate cost the lowest of all.

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CLIFTON JUNCTION, Near MANCHESTER. 219/229, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2.

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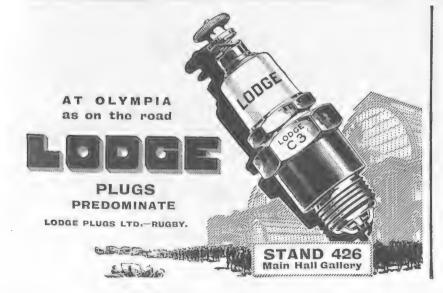


There is a Singer to suit every taste from £195 complete.

All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments through any Singer Agent. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

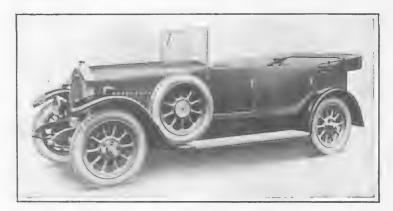
SINGER & CO. LTD., COVENTRY.
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H.P.





behind the driver's seat. Seating six persons, including the driver, this handsome carriage, painted blue and picked out in white, is upholstered in blue cloth, and has polished mahogany panels under the frameless glass windows, and white ivory inside fittings. A dictograph communication with the driver is included in its equipment,



SOLD FOR £595: THE 18-50-H.P. FOUR-FIVE-SEATER SWIFT.

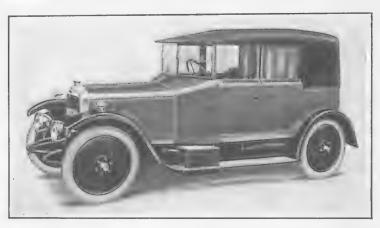
so that instructions to the coachman can be given without shouting. The second carriage staged on this stand is an enclosed cabriolet on a long-type chassis of the 40-45-h.p. Rolls-Royce. All the windows are fitted with Triplex glass—a safety device that will be appreciated by the six persons, including the driver, which it can contain. Painted grey with black mouldings, and the interior upholstered with grey horsehair cloth, the luxurious equipment will appeal to the lady visitors. White onyx and silver-plated fittings, electric step lamps to all four doors, two electric cigar or cigarette lighters; nickel-plated luggage-grid, and an interior speedometer and clock in a polished walnut cabinet, make this carriage as near to a travelling boudoir as is possible on wheels.

Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd. (Stand No. 125). Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd., have been fortunate enough to have their stand at the end of the main hall, before approaching the annexe usually devoted to coachbuilders.

On their stand is a 20-h.p. six-cylinder Delaunay-Belville, fitted with a three-quarter landaulette body, built by the exhibitors, of which

all the seats face forward. Lined in grey striped cloth, painted brown, with fine lines in orange, black wings and mouldings, it is a distinctive high-class carriage, both in appearance and comfort. a distinctive high-class carriage, both in appearance and comfort. Its companion on the staging is a four-door saloon landaulette, fitted on a 19.6-h.p. four-cylinder Crossley chassis. Painted royal-blue, and trimmed in grey antique leather, it will appeal to the owner-driver who prefers a well-built coachwork design, with full protection in all weathers, to the general production type of body that rattles to pieces in course of time.

The Dunlop wired-on balloon tyre, together with a full range of Dunlop cord tyres, both (Stand No. 500). In beaded edge and straight-sided types, can be seen in the gallery at Olympia. The Dunlop Rubber Company's exhibits are always interesting, as they contain such a lot of items that one forgets that they are manufactured by this firm. Dunlop (Stand No. 500). wheels, for instance; one remembers about the tyres, but motorists are apt to forget that there is hardly a better or more up-to-date wheel-works in Europe than this firm's plant at Coventry. Besides

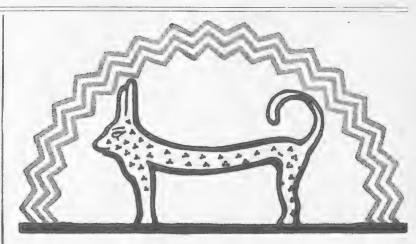


SOLD FOR £450: THE 15-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER FOUR-SEATER SINGER.

jacks, pumps, repair outfits, pressure-gauges, and all sorts of tyres, each of interest to the beholder, the chief novelties are the new pressure-gauge and the new Dunlop jack, specially designed for cars fitted with balloon tyres.







THE CALL OF EGYPT

ISTEN to the Call of Egypt, where romance and mystery were born and are deathless still to-day. Pay your homage of wonder to her mighty river and her stately temples. Explore the purple-shadowed streets of her fantastic cities; tread the gilded carpets of her deserts where silence falls supreme and absolute. Dream amid the glories of Thebes and Luxor in the lands of haunting vision. Come when, in the early autumn, the after-glow of Summer is yet upon the land and the splendour of Egypt's climate is at its zenith.

Parliculars of fares, tartifs, etc., of all principal Travel Bureaux and Tourist Agencies. Write for "Egypt and the Sulan" a copiously illustrated brochure, free on application to Egypt Promotion Association, 9, Quality Court, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2, or Post Box, 990, Cairo.

EGYPT-THE ETERNAL WONDERLAND



In the Butts or with the Dogs

Waiting for the drive, or walking 'em up, you'll find Fox's Puttees the most comfortable legwear.

The easy support that Fox's Puttees give, and their protection against rain, mud, cold and prickles make them something to feel thankful for, during and after a long day out in any sort of weather.

They're smart, too. Spiral fit, non-fray edges, and fine quality woollen material in a host of colour shades.

For Ladies from 9/6 to 16/per pair, and for Men from 10/- to 20/- per pair; with or without spats. Ask your Outfitter or Stores for Fox's Puttees, or write direct to us for particulars.

CAUTION. See the name "Fox" on the metal discs (right and left) attached to every genuine pair of Fox's New Non-Fray Spiral Puttees

FOX BROTHERS & CO., LTD. (Dept. E) Wellington, Somerset. Agents for U.S.A., The Manley-Johnson Corpn., 260 West Broadway, N.Y.

FOX'S PUTTEES.





UNITED STATES

A MATERIAL DISCOVERY

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is a moot point whether the many remarkable scientific discoveries of the twentieth century tend in the main towards good or evil. It is difficult to conceive, for instance, that any new form of poisonous gas will add to our gaiety, although it may give the stunted mind of its inventor some inflation of mischievous satisfaction. Less venomous, but equally unendurable, is the affliction of "listening-in" to the platitudes of verbose publicity puppets, who have now extended their bilge from the banquet hall to the broadcast station. For it is only on rare occasions, when they dine too well, that their broadcasted indiscretions become amusing to the pathologist, the prohibitionist, and the student of human nature.

Let me cut my justifiable ferocity against vicious usages of science, and turn to the simple and more endurable virtues of the crafts.

A new process in the manufacture of cloth has been discovered. It is to the credit of England, which country, favoured in this respect by its water, has always produced the best cloths in the world. This new material literally never wears out. The secret consists in using the finest two-ply yarn, and in manufacturing the warp and the weft by a method that renders it impossible to break the thread.

It can be submitted to any test short of the razor blade. The strength is so tremendous that the material is absolutely untearable. Not only is it thorn-proof, but it can be scratched violently with a steel needle without the faintest impression being made. It is possible to take a pointed pencil and pierce through the knee of the trousers, or through any part of any garment, and by pulling the cloth firmly from side to side the hole will disappear.

Over one hundred different designs of this extraordinary material may be seen at the establishments of Pope and Bradley. It is made in every shade of grey, lovat, heather, fawn, brown, blue, and silk mixtures, and in a variety of different weaves. Although it is ideal for all sporting purposes, many of the ranges are designed for ordinary town wear—either for suits or for light-weight overcoats.

Since a suit of this material will last an ordinary lifetime, it is essential that it should be perfectly cut and tailored throughout by hand.

Reverting to my opening dissertation on good and evil, the invention of this material is certainly good for Pope and Bradley customers, but the disturbing corollary may have an evil effect on the firm's revenue. It is rather appalling to think of these suits being handed down from generation to generation.

Incidentally, the prices appear to be quite inadequate—for a lounge or sports suit eleven guineas, for an overcoat ten guineas.

14 OLD BOND STREET W ROYAL EXCHANCE MANCHESTER

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SINISTER STRANGER.

(Continued from Page 211.)

The latter grinned when he saw Tommy's astonished face.

"So our young friend is awake again," he said. "And a leetle surprised—yes, a leetle surprised. But it was so simple. We suspect that all is not as it should be with Blunt's Brilliant Detectives. I volunteer to find out if that is so or not. If the new Mr. find out if that is so or not. Blunt is indeed a spy he will be suspicious, sc I send first my dear old friend Carl Bauer. Carl is told to act suspiciously and pitch an improbable tale. He does so, and then I appear on the scene. I use the name of Inspector Marriot to gain confidence, for I know that Mr. Blunt has been associated with him over the murder at the Ace of Spades. The rest is easy.'

He laughed.

Tommy was dying to say several things, but the gag in his mouth prevented him. Also he was dying to do several things, mostly with his hands and feet—but, alas! that too had been attended to. He was securely bound.

The thing that amazed him most was the astounding change in the man standing over him. As Inspector Dymchurch, the fellow had been a typical Englishman. Now, no one could have mistaken him for a moment for anything but a well-educated foreigner who talked English perfectly without a trace

of accent.
"Coggins, my good friend," said the erstwhile Inspector, addressing his ruffianlylooking associate, "take your life-preserver and stand by the prisoner. I am going to remove the gag. You understand, my dear Mr. Blunt, do you not, that it would be criminally foolish on your part to cry out?

But I am sure you do. For your age, you are quite an intelligent lad."

Very deftly, he removed the gag, and

stepped back.

Tommy eased his stiff jaws, rolled his tongue round his mouth, swallowed twiceand said nothing at all.

"I congratulate you on your restraint," said the other. "You appreciate the position, I see. Have you nothing at all to say?'
"What I have to say will keep," said
Tommy. "And it won't spoil by waiting."

Tommy. "And it won't spoil by waitin "Ah! What I have to say will not keep.

plain English, Mr. Blunt, where is that letter?' "My dear fellow, I don't know," said Tommy cheerfully. "I haven't got it. But you know that as well as I do. I should go on looking about if I were you. I like to see you and your friend Coggins playing hideand-seek together."

The other's face darkened.

You are pleased to be flippant, Mr. Blunt. You see that square box over there? That is Coggins's little outfit. In it there is vitriol—yes, vitriol-and irons that can be heated in the fire so that they are red-hot and burn.

Tommy shook his head sadly.
"An error in diagnosis," he murmured. Tuppence and I labelled this adventure grong. It's not a Clubfoot story. It's a Bulldog Drummond, and you are the inimitable Carl Peterson."

"What is this nonsense you are talking?"

snarled the other.

"Ah," said Tommy, "I see you are unacquainted with the classics. A pity."

"Ignorant fool! Will you do what we want, or will you not? Shall I tell Coggins

to get out his tools and begin?"
"Don't be so impatient," said Tommy.
"Of course I'll do what you want, as soon as you tell me what it is. You don't suppose

I want to be carved up like a filleted sole and fried on a gridiron? I loathe being hurt."

Dymchurch looked at him in contempt. "Gott! What cowards are these English!"

"Common-sense, my dear fellow, merely common-sense. Leave the vitriol alone and let us come down to brass tacks." I want the letter."

"I've already told you I haven't got

"I' We know that—we also know who must have it. The girl."
"Very possibly you're right," said Tommy.
"She may have slipped it into her handbag

when your pal Carl startled us."

"Oh, you do not deny. That is wise.
Very good, you will write to this Tuppence, as you call her, bidding her bring the letter here immediately."
"I can't do that——" said Tommy.

The other cut in before he had finished

the sentence.
"Ah! You can't? Well, we shall soon

see. Coggins!"
"Don't be in such a hurry," said Tommy.
"And do wait for the end of the sentence. I was going to say that I can't do that unless you untie my arms. Hang it all, I'm not one of those freaks who can write with their noses or their elbows."

"You are willing to write, then?"

"Of course. Haven't I been telling you so all along? I'm all out to be pleasant and obliging. You won't do anything unkind to Tuppence, of course. I'm sure you won't. She's such a nice girl."

"We only want the letter," said Dymchurch; but there was a singularly unpleasant smile on his face.

pleasant smile on his face.

At a nod from him, the brutal Coggins knelt down and unfastened Tommy's arms. The latter swung them to and fro.





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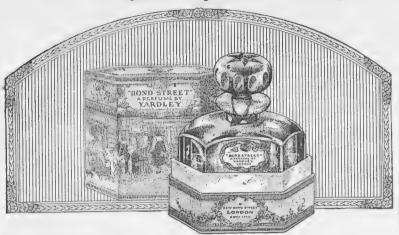
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Continued.]

That 's better," he said cheerfully. kind Coggins hand me my fountain pen? It's on the table, I think, with my other miscellaneous property.'

Scowling, the man brought it to him, and

provided a sheet of paper.

"Be careful what you say," Dymchurch said menacingly. "We leave it to you, but failure means—death—and slow death at

"In that case," said Tommy, "I will certainly do my best."

He reflected a minute or two, then began to scribble rapidly.

"How will this do?" he asked, handing over the completed epistle.

DEAR TUPPENCE,—Can you come along at once and bring that blue letter with you? We want to decode it here and now. In haste,

"Francis?" queried the bogus Inspector, ith lifted eyebrows. "Was that the name with lifted eyebrows. she called you?"

"As you weren't at my christening," said Tommy, "I don't suppose you can know whether it's my name or not. But I think the cigarette-case you took from my pocket is a pretty good proof that I'm speaking the truth.

The other stepped over to the table, and taking up the case, read: "Francis from Tupwith a faint grin, and laid it down

"I am glad to find you are behaving so sensibly," he said. "Coggins, give that note to Vassily. He is on guard outside. Tell him to take it at once.

The next twenty minutes passed slowly, the ten minutes after that more slowly still. Dymchurch was striding up and down with a face that grew darker and darker. Once he turned menacingly on Tommy.

"If you have dared to double-cross us!"

he growled.

" If we had a pack of cards here, we might have had a game of picquet to pass the time," drawled Tommy. "Women always keep one waiting. I hope you're not going to be unkind to little Tuppence when she comes?"
"Oh, no," said Dymchurch. "We shall

arrange for you to go to the same place-

'Will you, you swine!'' said Tommy, under

Suddenly there was a stir in the outer office. A man whom Tommy had not yet seen poked his head in, and growled something in Russian.

"Good," said Dymchurch. "She is coming-

and coming alone.

For a moment a faint anxiety caught at Tommy's heart.

The next minute he heard Tuppence's voice. "Oh, there you are, Inspector Dymchurch.
I 've brought the letter. Where is Francis?"

With the last words she came through the door, and Vassily sprang on her from behind, clapping his hand over her mouth. Dymchurch tore the handbag from her grasp, and turned over its contents in a frenzied search.

Suddenly he uttered an ejaculation of delight, and held up a blue envelope with a Russian stamp on it. Coggins gave a hoarse

just in that moment of triumph, the other door, the door into Tuppence's own office, opened noiselessly, and Inspector Marriot and two men armed with revolvers stepped into the room, with the sharp command: "Hands up!"

There was no fight. The others were

taken at a hopeless disadvantage. Dymchurch's automatic lay on the table, and

the two others were not armed.

"A very nice little haul," said Inspector Marriot with approval, as he snapped on the last pair of handcuffs. "And we'll have the last pair of handcuffs. "And more as time goes on, I hope."

White with rage, Dymchurch glared at Tuppence.

You little devil!" he snarled. "It was you put them on to us.'

Tuppence laughed.
"It wasn't all my doing. I ought to have guessed, I admit, when you brought in the number sixteen this afternoon. But it was Tommy's note clinched matters. I rang up Inspector Marriot, got Albert to meet him with the duplicate key of the office, and came along myself with the empty blue envelope in my bag. The letter I forwarded according to my instructions as soon as I had parted from you two this afternoon."

But one word had caught the other's

attention.

"Tommy?" he queried.
Tommy, who had just been released from

his bonds, came towards them.
"Well done, brother Francis," he said to Tuppence, taking both her hands in his. And to Dymchurch: "As I told you, my dear fellow, you really ought to read the classics.' [THE END.

Those intending to engage in winter sports of any description this season should make a point of attending the dress display of ski-ing, skating, and tobogganing suits for men, women, boys, and girls which Burberrys are holding at their Haymarket house daily from Monday, Oct, 20, to Friday, Oct. 24. Burberry's well-known principles of warmth without weight and weather-proofness without heat are admirably exemplified in these outfits, the materials of which are especially woven with a smooth surface to which snow cannot cling, and in many bright colourings that show up very clearly against a snow-covered background. Mannequins will display the latest models from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. each day.



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SKETCH" ACROSTICS.

HE inauguration of our Acrostics took place last week, and we think it best to remind our readers that two Acrostics will appear

in The Sketch every week until further notice.

The first, marked Acrostic A, will be in the form of a series of six weekly acrostics. For this series a prize of £5 is offered to the competitor who shall send in correct solutions to all six. In the event of a tie, a special acrostic will be set to the winners, and, should several succeed in solving the special acrostic successfully, the serial prize will be awarded to the first correct solution opened.

The second, marked Acrostic B, is not in serial form, but carries with it a weekly prize of £1, which will be awarded to the first correct solution This competition has the special feature that the uprights will be drawn from one of the advertisements appearing in the advertising pages of our current issue or preceding issues. For purposes of this competition the Acrostic Editor does not bind himself to follow the beaten track of acrostic writing, or to accept its established canons. Solvers may rest assured, however, that every upright and every light will be a perfectly fair one.

RULES.

I.—The Acrostic Editor is at all times willing to consider alternative solutions; but only in cases where both solutions are equally apposite. To this end, and for all purposes this competition, the Acrostic Editor's decision must be final.

2.—Each solution sent in must be accompanied by the acrostic itself.

3.—All solutions should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, "The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, and should reach this office by the first post on the Monday following

publication of the acrostic. Evidence of posting cannot be accepted as proof of receipt.

4—Solutions to the Acrostics published in

"The Sketch" will appear in the issue dated a fortnight from that in which the Acrostics were published, together with the names of successful solvers.

ACROSTIC A.—II.

Coveted always, sought in ev'ry way, Imperative upon Election Day.

- Ornament maybe, useful at any rate. A vehicle now rather out of date. Halve it, if you would find the key. Invisible, artistic genius he.

- wand'ring minstrel with a song or lay.
- Used to be white—is often black to-day. A summons, and a sacred emblem too.
- This a good child should always be to you.

ACROSTIC B.

When winter comes, then let your wand ring feet Lead you to this old house in Conduit Street.

图长回

- They measured time this way At a far distant day.
- A royal tomb please find
- (Call Normandy to mind). Short, close, stingy, nigh,
- All these are simili.
- The road to take Your way to make
- Please halve a bird

- (Four-letter word). Intangible; but yet It is always wet.
- Symbol of honours won, Yet bought by anyone.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.-LXXI.

THAT ORIGINAL LEAD AGAIN.

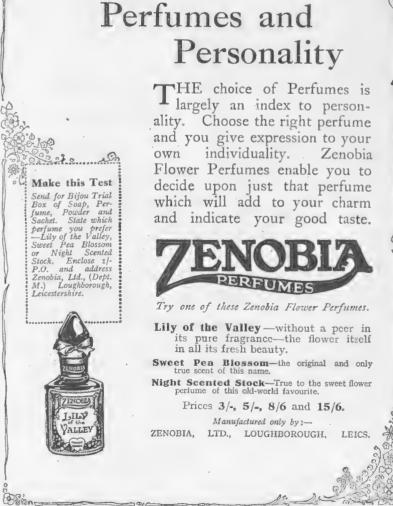
QUITE expected to receive a severe drubbing for advocating the lead of a small card instead of the highest from three in partner's declared suit. And I have

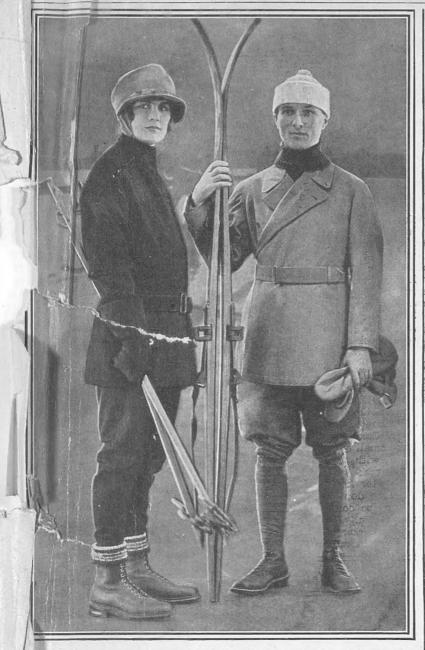
not been disappointed.

However, I must say that it was rather a shock to receive the following from Mr. Spencer Cox, who is perhaps our highest, shall we say, amateur expert and authority on the game. His criticisms are always sound and to the point, his solution to bridge problems always correct—in short, he is worth listening to—so I had hoped that he at least, and others of similar bridge intelligence, would have got my notion. Perhaps I made my case out badly; perhaps I am all wrong in theory—who knows? Here is what he says

"Do you really mean to ask your readers to believe that, in the first instance you quote in the issue of Sept. 17 (where B, holding Kn, 6, 5, leads the knave in a no-trump call by adversaries to his partner's original spade call, up to the no-trumper's K, 10, 3, spades), that such a lead is disadvantageous, because if you do mean it, I fancy no other bridgeplayer will agree with you. As a proof, would ask you how you would play as declarer? I venture to say you would pass the knave (unless you have a slam hand). How, then, is the lead disadvantageous? Of course, A would run the knave of spades. It is childish to imagine he would play the ace." To this I replied that that indeed was the idea, that the lead of the knave was most advantageous to declarer and to nobody else, and that, supposing A did not put up the ace. it made no difference which card was opened, the knave or the 5. Mr. Spencer Cox then wrote: "In reply to your criticism of the







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Continued.] small-card lead to partner's suit in a no trump call, you are not quite accurate. On my own showing, it does not make 'no difference, as you state, if the knave is not led: it merely makes no difference to the number of tricks won by adversary in suit; but it may, and probably will, make a considerable difference in the number of tricks won in the suit by the leader and his partner. Thus, if a small card is led, the leader's partner wins with ace, and certainly, or at any rate probably, will not continue the suit, placing the declarer with knave and king. With the knave lead, he of course immediately knows where he is, and continues the suit at first opportunity. The maxim taught by the old whist authorities, Cavendish, Clay, and Pole, who knew infinitely more about the game of whist than modern writers do of bridge, namely-

The foremost principle of modern whist Is this, you should your partner assist-

is equally true at bridge when playing your partner's suit against a no-trump declaration. admit, with a suit declaration, camouflage is more necessary at bridge than at whist, and it is then often necessary to conceal information both from partner and from adversary, but certainly not at no-trumps in the opening lead to your partner's suit.

The rest of the letter is on other subjects, and is mostly flattering to me, so I will omit it. Now in my opinion there are sundry flaws in these arguments. The reference to whist maxims won't do at all. Play at whist and play at bridge are, and of necessity must be, entirely different. Bridge is founded on whist, and the play, leads, etc., at bridge are also founded on those at whist, but that is The theory for both games is the same, but the practice is different; a game played with one hand exposed, the trump decided by auction instead of by chance, cannot possibly be played to its best advantage on

exactly similar lines as a game played with all four hands closed. "You should your all four hands closed. "You should your partner assist" is excellent advice at bridge as well as at whist; but if you assist your partner at the expense of assisting your adversary one hundred per cent. the more, the play is unsound. That, in a nutshell, is the vast difference between whist and bridge. Whist-players cannot see it, and that is why, as is a fact, the better the whist-player was the worse he was at bridge. He could not forget his whist and come down—for, of course, it was a come-down—to the scheme of bridge.

In his original letter Mr. Cox asks me how I would play as declarer, holding K, 10, 3, with the knave led and passed up. I should play small, so the lead is not disadvantageous; but—and this is a big point—will that knave of necessity be passed up? Mr. Cox says it is childish to imagine that A will play his Is it? We all know that A should not play his ace, and probably in the higher class bridge circles and clubs it will not be played; but I venture to assert that, considering bridge play in all phases and conditions, that ace will have a fifty-fifty chance of being played. In other words, one half the amateur players will be afraid to let declarer win a cheap and quick trick. So the lead of knave does not "assist" partner, it frightens him. Lead him the little one, and he will cheerfully put up the ace and lead it back when declarer wins his one trick, as he will do if the knave is led and passed up; but if the knave is not passed up, declarer automatically wins two tricks in the suit. Mr. Cox, however, says that B, having won the small card lead with the ace, will not go on with the suit, placing king, knave in declarer's hand. I agree. Probably B will look for help elsewhere. But why? Hoping, no doubt, that in the end game declarer will be compelled to lead up to his guarded queen. A good hope, but nothing else. All declarer has to do is to lead through from dummy, and

finesse the knave, which has exactly the same result as if B himself led the suit on.

Again, Mr. Cox puts the proposition that I, as declarer, would pass up this knave un-less I held a slam hand. Well, suppose I do hold a slam hand and win trick one. The ace never makes at all! Now has the lead been disadvantageous or not? Then the king in declarer's hand may actually be unguarded. This may be an improbable division, though far from impossible, and A has led his knave, which is the highest of four cards. Here, of course, A B can make five tricks straight off in spades, but according to recognised bridge openings, they will only make four, and possibly may make none at all.

I am sorry to have to disagree in toto with

Mr. Spencer Cox. I am, in fact, more con-vinced than ever that this lead of best of three or four in partner's suit—and, mark you, some player will lead the best of five or six—is distinctly bad, and is all in favour of declared's play. It is the latter the lead "assists," and under no circumstances that I can think of offhand can it "assist" leader's

partner.

Please, Mr. Cox, tell me why "camouflage' should be employed applies a suit declare and not against co-rumps. To me it would seem that camouflage—supposing there is anything in it—would be more useful at no-trumps.

A record contract has just been completed between the Royal Palace Hotel (Empress Rooms) and Miss Lee White and Clay Smith, These famous artists are to begin an engagement at the Empress Rooms on Nov. 3, and they will remain for a short season, embracing Armistice Night. During the same week, Lee White and Clay Smith will appear and perform at the Trocadero during the tele hour, and on Sunday nights, Nov. 9 and 16 Other well-known artists engaged for the Empress Rooms and Trocadero are Roll the juggling comedian, and Herschel Hentere the expert in pianistic travesty.

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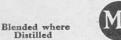






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Mackinlay's V. O. B. Scotch Whisky per 12/6 bottle.



Rottled where Blended

TASTE IT!"

CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO.,

Distillers and Blenders: LEITH and INVERNESS
Lordon Address: Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, S.W.1



D. S. MORRIS,



28, SACKVILLE ST. W.

Food for Thought

N a world of uncertainties there is yet one thing sure, and it is that nothing else but skilled hand-work can ever make a suit of clothes. The thing which makes you admire good clothes is the human touch put into them. You cannot see it, but it is most decidedly there.

This is strikingly true of DRESS CLOTHES. They MUST be RIGHT, and you can make sure of it by asking Mr. MORRIS to fit you; he has completely satisfied the most fastidious for over thirty years.

DINNER SUITS FROM 12 GNS.

To prevent chills, wear the 'CORSTAY' 25/-

28, Sackville Street, London, W.

Telephon: Regent 728.

Maidie Scott never has Sore Tired Tender Feet -because she uses



a highly medicated and oxygenated footbath prepared by adding Reudel by adding Reluces
Bath Saltrates
to plain water.
Refreshing, soothing, healing, and
antiseptic, its wonderful effects upon
sore, tired muscles, aching bones, irritated nerves, and sensitive skin make you feel like danc-

Maidie Scott says:—"After two, three, and sometimes four theatrical performances a day, one is apt to feel a little tired, and it is then that I find Reudel Bath Saltrates my best friend. A bath to which your wonderful Saltrates has been added refreshes one completely and I should advise. wonderful Saltrates has been added refreshes one completely, and I should advise all who dance much—and who does not nowadays?—to soak the feet daily in a bath to which a small quantity of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** has been added. They will then never know what it means to have tired, aching feet."

Millions of packets of **Reudel Bath**Saltrates have been sold, every one with
an unqualified guarantee of satisfaction or
money back enclosed. Sale is increasing
daily. This means something, and must
convince even the most sceptical of its real
merit. In convenient sizes and at very
low prices from chemists everywhere.



The very Parisian note in the latest coiffure is achieved with the aid of combs signed

Luguste Bi

Sole Wholesale British Agents: Messrs. DEBACQ & HARROP, 7, Little Goodge St., London, W.C.1.

All genuine Auguste Bonaz combs bear our signature.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

HAT'S the trouble this time?" exclaimed the broker. Our Stroller had dropped into a chair and spread out arms and legs as though he expected to be vigorously fanned with a dark white towel.

"Water," gasped the client—"water." He nodded his head towards the coal-cabinet.

You haven't forgotten the market," said broker. "Mixed vermouth and absinthe, the broker.

the broker. "Mixed vermouth and absinthe, or Scotch?"

"Whisky—neat. Thanks so much. There's no fool like an old fool," he gulped. "What

do you think I've been doing?"
"Doing me, I guess," was the reply.
"Another spot?"

"No, thanks. Oh, well, if you insist. Cheerio! I'm getting better. Soon I shall be sitting up and taking a little nourish-

"'M!" The broker hid the bottle, and with elaborate haste. "Been learning to dance?"

Our Stroller nodded his head.

The broker was frankly, rudely, almost

Fact, I assure you," said the venerable Terpsichore. "And I've just come from my first lesson."

The broker picked up the telephone, laid the base against his client's chest, and listened into the mouthpiece. "Say ninety-nine," into the mouthpiece. he ordered mechanically.

"Why shouldn't I dance?" protested Our Stroller.

"All things are lawful unto you, but all things are not expedient," quoted the broker. "If it's excitement you crave, at your time of life you should trip it with a Totalisator, or gambol in the Oil Market."

Wish you hadn't made me sell my British Controlled," said Our Stroller craftily. The broker bit it at once. "I didn't!" he cried indignantly. "What makes you say

"Then it must have been Venezuelans you

persuaded me to get out of. You took a good profit."

"Could have taken a better by waiting."

"It's useless to job backwards."

"Not if it teaches your broker wisdom for the future."
"You're the Illimitable Limit!" laughed

You're the Illimitable Limit!" laughed other. "Come over to the House with the other.

You may lose me here," whispered Our Stroller, as he two-stepped into the Foreign Market. He studied the veining of the gorgonzola marble hard by and-

Of the two, I should say the German Loan was better security than the Austrian Sixes." Austrians are protected by a guarantee."

"A more sentimental than real security. Germans are cheap. Don't you think so?" Maybe; but I don't like the flavour.

The war is too near. And we suffered."
"Sentimental, too. You've got to take things as they are. If a woman is offered an English saucepan at five-and-six, and a German one, just as good, at four-and-six,

which will she buy, eh?"

"And I don't blame her for it," said another man. "Our own people have got to reduce their costs."

"A lot your Labour Government has done."

A lot your Labour Government has done to reduce costs! The housekeeper knows that almost everything has gone up since Ramsay came into power. Eggs, milk, cheese, bread, butter—"
"Oh, drop politics and talk sense."

"In these days, the Stock Exchange markets can no more drop politics than you can talk sense. We are affected at every turn by politics."

" Not in the Tea Market."

"Yes, there too. Perhaps less than in some of the other markets-

"How are Tea shares, by the way?"
Goodish. No special feature. But think of the dividends you're going to get."
"Seems to me," remarked a broker, "that

a man ought to look for a minimum of 10 per cent. on his money if he buys tropical stuff

like Tea."
"Same thing applies to Rubber. There are very few Rubber shares that yield you 10 per cent., all the same."

"Hotels aren't worth buying on less than the same basis. Nor are Breweries."

The principle reads all right on paper, but it won't wash."

Paper's bad stuff to wash."

"Some papers are pretty clean," was the retort. "Consider, though. If you rule out everything speculative that pays less than 10 per cent. on the money, where would you be?"
"Oh, then this too, too solid flesh would

melt, and I'd float through some Carey Street keyhole."

"It's impossible to demand any special rate of interest on speculative shares," reasoned another man. "In this place, we look at prospects, not dividends."

"Too often the dividends begin and end in prospects. There 's many a stranger-

Our Stroller started guiltily, and knocked down six dealing books and a half-filled box of chocolates.

In the general scramble for the latter, he folded his gamp like an Arab, and, as silently, stole away. Friday, Oct 17, 1924







